WHAT DO THE STARS DO WITH ALL THEIR MONEY?

Movie Weekly

AUGUST 16, 1924

10¢

THOSE YOUNG THINGS

A Story about the Harold Lloyds and their baby

Gloria Swanson
PHOTO BY WILLIAM EGLINTON

NOW COMES THE GREATEST OF ALL!

AL and RAY ROCKETT'S

"Abraham Lincoln"

POSSESSING so many elements of entertainment that everybody finds something different in it to admire and applaud and remember long afterward.

Since its triumphant national premiere in Washington a short while ago, hundreds of unsolicited encomiums have been received. A few are quoted at random:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Better than "The Birth of a Nation" "Hitherto, our standard of superlative films was 'The Birth of a Nation.' I am afraid the Rockett's Lincoln has set a new high-water mark in our enthusiasm."—*Frederick William Wile, (International correspondent).*

Thrills Pathos "Full of thrills and pathos, it engages your attention throughout with keen anticipation." — *S. F. Glatfelter, (Congressman—Pennsylvania).*

Strikingly Realistic "It is a wonderful picture, and strikingly realistic." — *E. T. Clark. (Secretary to the President).*

Fires Imagination "It touches the heart and fires the imagination." — *Edwin Markham, (The poet).*

Holds Spellbound "From beginning to end, the picture holds the audience spellbound."—*Martin B. Madden, (Congressman—Illinois).*

Remarkable Production "It is a remarkable production. I wish every citizen of the United States could see it at once."—*Oscar E. Bland, (Judge U. S. Court of Customs Appeals).*

Stupendous "Stupendous! Beyond a doubt the greatest picture I have ever seen."—*R. A. Hearn, (A Southerner).*

It's Beauty will Captivate You!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Sweet Love Story "I was very glad you brought the sweet story of Anne Rutledge into the picture. I believe we never would have had the Abraham Lincoln we loved—the tender, gentle, merciful and sympathetic Lincoln—if he had not loved wildly and madly, even as you and I."—*Richard Yates, (Congressman—Illinois).*

Aesthetic Appeal "The aesthetic appeal of the picture will educate our people to a finer appreciation of beautiful things."—*Dr. John J. Tigert, (Commissioner of Education).*

Touches Heart "Makes a direct appeal to the heart that cannot be resisted by any type of theatregoer."—*Frank Morse, (Banker).*

Better than Drinkwater "Gripping from first to last. It is infinitely better than Drinkwater's play." — *W. H. Crawford, (Attorney).*

Makes People Think "An absorbing, stirring picture. It will make people think. We need more like it."—*Edna M. Colman, (National President League American Penwomen).*

Wonderful Impersonation "I never expected to see Abraham Lincoln—living, walking and talking, as he seemed in your picture."—*Dr. Nellie Hooper Barrett.*

Its Realism will Startle You!

Ask your theatre manager right away—When he will show "Abraham Lincoln"

A First National Attraction

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Scenario by Frances Marion • Directed by Philip Rosen

How Do They Spend Their Money?

Star gold is being invested wisely for the most part . . . but curious expenses and extravagances continue to deplete the large pay checks

By
Dorothy Donnell

YOU won't find the names of the movie stars in the Hollywood telephone book. Their phone numbers are guarded with all the secrecy of the formula for the deadly explosive in a screen serial, for, once let them be revealed, and that half of the population of Los Angeles which spends its time trying to sell something to the other half, would be calling them up from morn to midnight to offer them washing machines, oil wells, automobiles, fancy hogs, ranches, bootleg gin, divorces, chances of charity raffles, babies to adopt, and lots in Oak View, View Crest or Crest Acres.

Hollywood is the richest city *per capita* in the world. Millions are made here every week, and there are plenty of philanthropic souls to see that these millions don't burn holes through the stars' pockets. The picture people can't go shopping on Fifth Avenue, Haymarket or the Rue de la Paix, so the shops come out to them.

The most expensive tastes may be gratified within a ten-mile radius of the Famous Players studio, whether they are tastes for first editions, old masters, Paris gowns, antiques, authentic Empire beds, imported laces or pedigreed pups—and gratified quickly!

When the word went around recently that Shirley Mason was fond of dogs, the streets about her home were choked for days with mongrels, curs, canine mistakes, Pekes, Chows and Russian *borzois*, accompanied by their hopeful owners.

One store in Los Angeles sends an expert abroad twice a year to pick up rare books and old manuscripts for the movie trade. Pola Negri spent twenty-five hundred dollars on books there not long ago. It was there that Corinne Griffith bought a tiny manuscript copy of one of Alfred Noyes' earlier poems as a present for Walter Morosco. George O'Hara, noted for

Besides owning *The Foothill Garage*, *Viola Dana* has opened a new beauty shop on *Hollywood Boulevard*. This is managed by her sister, *Edna Flugrath*, who has left the films. In the panel at the top of the page *Edna* and *Shirley Mason*, the other sister, are seen standing outside of this shop.

"The upkeep of my bob is my chief extravagance," *Mae Murray* explains. "I have spent enough on my hair to feed and clothe a family. When I'm working I pay an expert twelve dollars a day to curl that bob!"

Photograph by Waxman

VOLUME IV
NUMBER 28

MOVIE WEEKLY
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

August 16, 1924

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City, and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States, and in Great Britain, Atlas Distributing Co., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Charles A. Penn, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second class matter January 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, $4.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $1.00 extra. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

(Copyright 1924 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

literary tastes, often drops in to pore over newly arrived treasures, and to buy a bit of Americana or an autographed Poe for his library of first editions. I know this sounds press-agenty—but I've seen them.

"They all come in here," the manager says, "and they don't think Ibanez is the name of a brand of cigars either!"

It is a thankless task to rob people of cherished illusions, yet, contrary to our best spinster novelists the screen stars spend very little on expensive vices, drinking, drugs and colorful orgies. Once, perhaps, but Hollywood has learned its lesson.

The wisest of the film stars realize that success isn't going to last forever. The popular idol who is sitting pretty today may be sitting on a park bench tomorrow. The beautiful star whose fan mail has to be brought in an asbestos sack to the studio now may find nothing but envelopes with little izinglass windows in her next mail. Knowing this, the movie colony has become thrifty. Not that Charlie Chaplin's mantel is decorated with a tin bank to put his pennies in, not that Mary darns Doug's socks of an evening, but the conversation in screen circles nowadays sounds like a realtor's convention.

THE first thing that most stars buy is a home. Every foothill in Hollywood sprouts Italian villas, Spanish haciendas and French chalets owned by some cinema celebrity. Here is Sessue Hayakawa's medieval castle, there is Theodore Roberts' English country house. The ink was scarcely dry on Warner Baxter's new Ince contract before he dashed out and bought a Colonial knocker, and then he found a house to go with it.

Jackie Logan has just moved into a charming bungalow for which she has been saving ever since she got her first studio check.

"But the prices always went up as soon as they knew I was in the pictures," she laughs. "I had to read the 'For Sale' columns for nearly a year before I found a place I could afford."

Huntley Gordon frankly admits that he bought a house on the instalment plan in order to force himself to save. Anna Q. Nilsson is eking out the meagre earnings of a star with the proceeds of her chicken ranch. Some of the picture players are even landlords. Noah Beery has built several bungalows whose rents go into his young son "Pidge's" college bank account. Norma Talmadge owns an apartment house, and doubtless receives complaints from irate tenants concerning leaky plumbing.

One of the most confirmed real estate addicts is Monte Blue, who salts away every cent he can lay his hands on in portions of California scenery known to the initiated as "view lots." If Los Angeles ever grows to be the size that its enthusiastic boosters claim it is already, Monte is going to be very wealthy. William Farnum owns a house a trifle smaller than Buckingham Palace and seventeen acres of climate which he is planning to turn into a sub-division. George Hackathorne has just acquired title to two offices in a new Hollywood Boulevard skyscraper to rent to a dentist, a doctor or a scenario writing school.

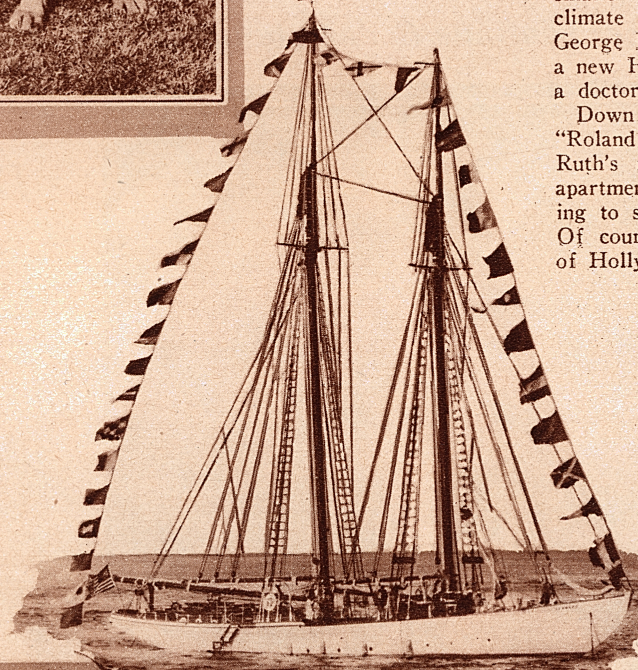
Down on Washington Boulevard a huge electric sign, "Roland Square," revolves night and day, marking one of Ruth's real estate ventures. Another is the co-operative apartment house, The Roland, which the serial star is building to sell at thirty thousand for a four room apartment! Of course they are calling Ruth Roland the Hetty Green of Hollywood, but Agnes Ayres is a close competitor for the title. Louise Fazenda lives very simply while she saves her money to buy a handsome home of her own. "No mortgages for me!" she says. "When I buy I'm going to own more than just the *address*."

Mr. and Mrs. Mary Pickford—as Doug gallantly terms them—put most of their money into their next pictures. Mary is a wise little business woman. As someone has remarked, if Mary Pickford had started life running a peanut stand, she would have cornered the world's supply of peanuts in less than six months! Poor Charlie Ray was not so successful when he invested all his savings in producing "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

A FAVORITE joke in Hollywood is to speak of sending one's laundry to Mary Miles Minter. In spite of her mother's bitter complaint that Mary was so extravagant that she spent one hundred thousand dollars in four months, the little star evidently used her head for other purposes than supporting golden curls, for the laundry brings her in a good income. What business could be more remunerative!

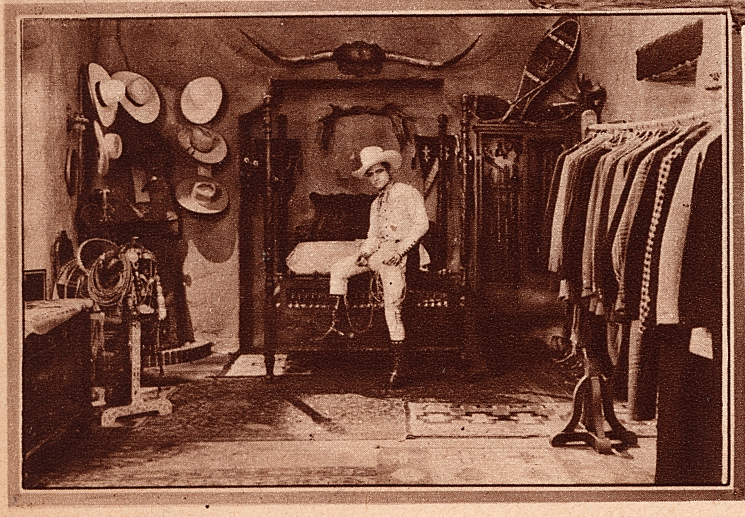
"The Foothill Garage," one of the busiest and biggest in the city, is owned by Viola Dana, although she doesn't personally overhaul balky carburetors. But Edna Flugrath, her sister, has left the films to manage her new beauty shoppe—the final "pe" is silent except on the bill!

Beauty, by the way, is one of the most expensive items in the feminine star's budget. "I don't dare eat a chocolate cream drop for fear it will show!" wailed one screen flapper, staring hungrily at a confectionary display. "You know, in



Mrs. Buck Jones **takes charge of** ***Buck's*** **pay envelope and doubles it by clever trading at the** ***Horse and Mule Market*** **every morning. But she allows** ***Buck*** **spending money for pedigreed police dogs and blooded riding horses. She is seen above with two members of the** ***Jones'*** **kennels.**

And, besides giving "diamond breakfasts" to his casts at the finish of a picture, ***Cecil B. De Mille*** **has spent hundreds of dollars on his schooner yacht,** ***"The Seaward."*** **This yacht is used in his next production,** ***"Feet of Clay."***



The ***Beau Brummel of Hollywood*** **is that son of the great open spaces,** ***Tom Mix.*** **He has a hundred suits of clothes, fifty pairs of shoes, monogrammed sport shirts and hundred dollar hats. Yet he finds little time to wear any of them, spending most of his time in buckskin riding breeches and flannel shirts.**

the movies it's a case of take care of the pounds and the pence will take care of themselves!"

Louise Fazenda has a mechano-therapy doctor treat her between scenes at the studio. Norma Shearer employs massage to keep her young slimness. Nita Naldi lost twenty-five pounds in order to play opposite Valentino, but the electric treatments reduced her bank roll even more miraculously. Eleanor Boardman, on the other hand, often takes a few days off and goes on expensive milk diets at a private sanitarium in order to gain weight.

"The upkeep of my bob is my chief extravagance!" Mae Murray declares. "From the moment I put my hairpins away in moth balls I've spent enough on my hair to feed and clothe a family. When I am working I pay an expert twelve dollars a day to curl that bob!"

Most stars spend large sums on clothes. "When I was poor," Betty Blythe confesses, "I used to long to go to fashionable tea places and gorgeous hotels. And now that I can afford it you'll find me on Peacock Alley nearly every afternoon!"

With a philanthropic desire to brighten up the corner where she is, Betty brought eleven trunks of Paris finery back with her! Corinne Griffith and Norma Talmadge indulge their feminine love of fig leaves, and Myrtle Stedman doesn't consider being the flapper mother of a two hundred pound son any reason for economizing in her wardrobe. Moth and rust does not get a chance to corrupt Myrtle's earnings, for she invests them in the fine art of living, filling her house with charming furnishings, and entertaining lavishly.

The "diamond breakfasts" which Cecil B. De Mille gives his casts at the finish of a picture are Arabian Night affairs in which butlers pass trays of diamond-studded jewelry among the guests for their selection. On one side of his nature De Mille is a keen business man investing in a bank, a phosphate company, and a real estate development, on another side the love of luxury which his pictures display is expressed in his marble palace of a home, his yacht, "The Seaward," his ranch playground, "Paradise," and the finest private collection of diamonds of all colors in America. Curiously enough, his own sleeping room is as ascetic and bare as a monk's cell.

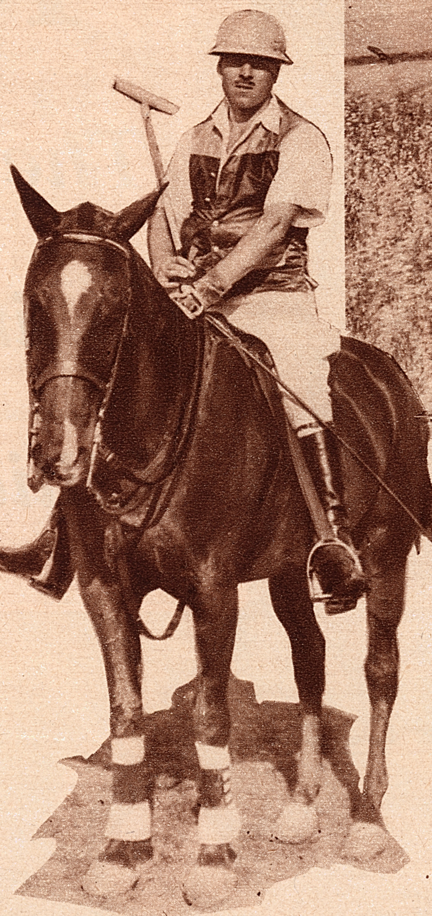
ON evenings when an awe-struck world is permitted to watch Bull Montana step out in all his splendor of diamond studs, stick pin and cuff links, one wonders that the traffic laws do not require him to put dimmers on his headlights. Even in informal wear the Bool dazzles with his diamonds and solid gold dental display. A friend once ventured, the story goes, to hint to the Bull that it was not correct form to wear quite so many carats at a time. Mr. Montana gazed fondly down his vast expanse of sweater front studded with rainbow fires. "Them as has 'em, wears 'em!" said he succinctly.

But the Beau Brummel of Hollywood is that son of the great open spaces, Tom Mix, with his hundred suits of clothes, his fifty pairs of shoes, his monogrammed sport shirts made to order at forty bucks per, his hundred dollar hats.

"And yet, what the d——— am I working for?" Tom demanded of a friend the other day. "When I was poor, I could go hunting if I felt like it—now I got the finest collection of guns in California, and all I hunt for is my director! I got the most expensive carved bed outside of a museum, and last year I spent a hundred and forty nights in it and the rest of the time in bum hotels on location. I got a yacht and no time to sail on her, I got dude clothes—and all I wear is buckskin riding breeches and flannel shirts! Who am I working for? I'll tell you who—I'm working for Levy the jeweler and Bernstein the tailor, that's who!"

The Mix jewels, in which the cowboy star has invested much of his wealth because no insurance company would take him as a risk, include several anklets and a wrist watch set into an eleven carat diamond, but lest any ambitious young burglar should happen to read this, I may add that they are kept in a bank vault.

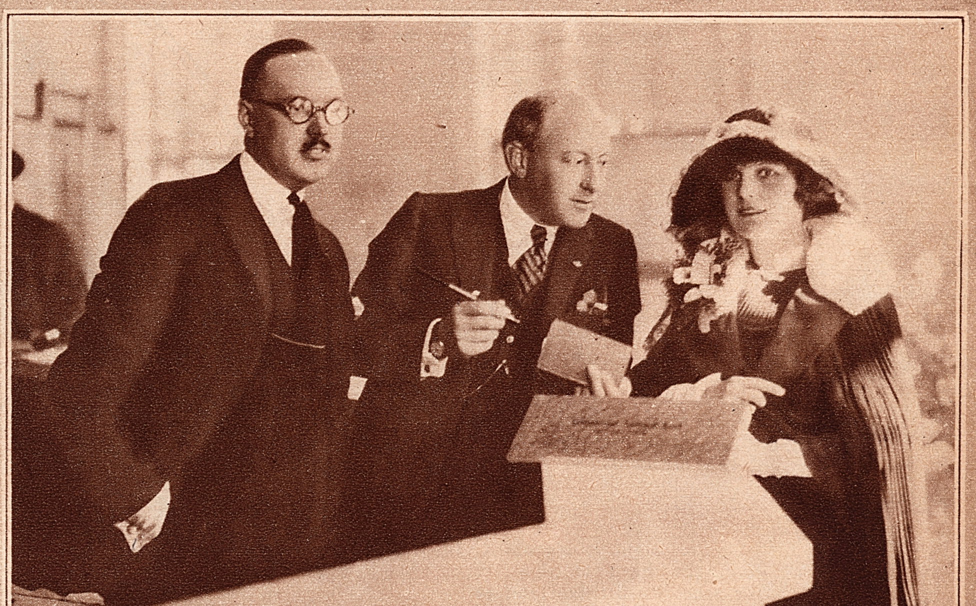
Valentino is another star who purchases luxury. When he was in Europe last year he traveled with a suite of secretaries and a (*Continued on page 29*)



Monte Blue **is salting away every cent he can lay his hands on in portions of *California* scenery known to the initiated as "view lots." If *Los Angeles* ever grows to be the size that its enthusiastic boosters claim it is already, *Monte* is going to be very wealthy.**

On the other hand, a substantial part of *Jack Holt's* income goes toward keeping a stable of six polo ponies.

Photograph (left) by E. Richee



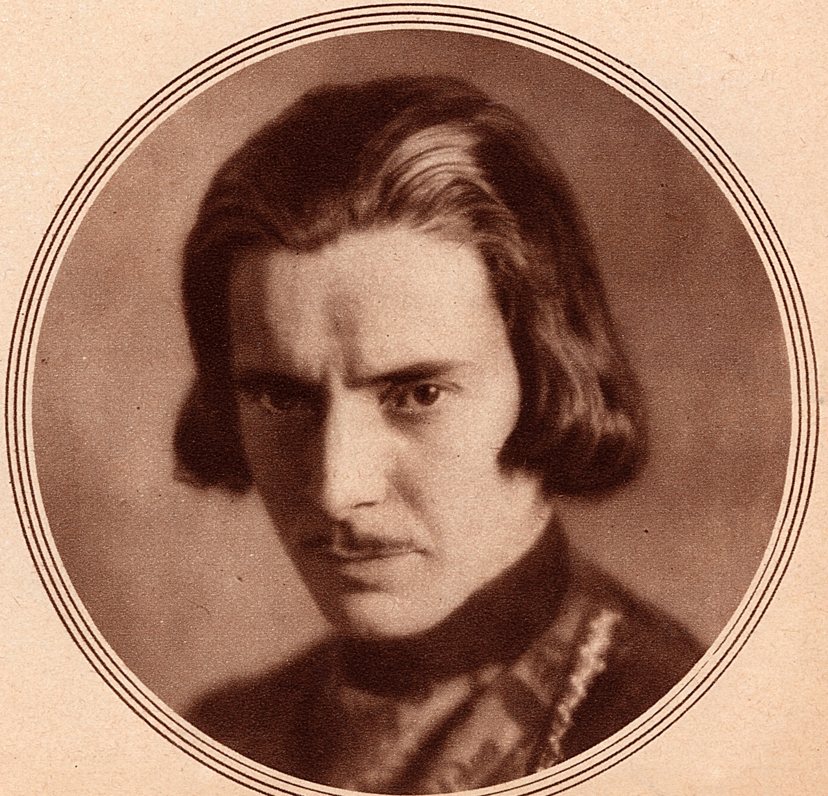
Cecil De Mille **is *Vice-President* of the *Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles.* Here *Leatrice Joy* is seen depositing the check *De Mille* gave her for her work in his recent picture, while *Chester Vanderlip,* the bank manager, stands by.**

Glimpses of "Romola"
The Picture Made in Italy with Lillian and Dorothy Gish

Once upon a time . . . not so very long ago . . . a motion picture studio took you from a minaret raising its peak to the blue of a painted sky to a tropical forest with only a few steps in between. But this sort of thing belongs more and more to the past. Strange countries no longer sprout overnight beneath the *Kleig* lights. The companies are now shipping their cameras to that country which chances to be the stage of the story.

Above are *Lillian* and *Dorothy Gish*, together again in their roles of *Romola* and *Tessa*. This is one of the most poignant scenes in the story, for it finds *Romola*, without child herself, caressing the baby of her husband and *Tessa*.

On the right is *Ronald Colman*, the hero of this story. We predict a brilliant and early stardom for this actor.



"*Romola*" belongs to old *Italy*. And with few exceptions the exterior scenes were filmed on the actual sites the novel describes. The interiors were made in a studio in *Florence*, where *Italian* actors could supplement the *American* cast . . . and where priceless, historic antiques could furnish the old rooms.

Again *Lillian* dons the veil of marriage. In "*The White Sister*" she was a bride of *Heaven*, dropping her marriage veil at the altar for her nun's veil. In "*Romola*," however, she is an earthly bride . . . wedding one *Tito*, played by *William Powell*.

And below, *Lillian*, as *Romola*, is seen in the *Bardi* library with her father.

These glimpses of "*Romola*" promise great things for the production itself.

All photographs by Albin

The Mother of Jane and Frances

Pictures of Irene Rich in Her Greatest Role of All

Two of *Irene Rich's* most enthusiastic fans are the little girls who live in her house. For *Jane* and *Frances* wouldn't miss one of their mother's pictures for anything in the world. And their ambition is to be exactly like her when they grow up.

After all, it is given to a very few people to be prophets in their own country.

These pictures were taken during a holiday at the beach upon *Miss Rich's* recent return from *Europe*. With her in the silhouette above is *Mrs. Bob Wagner*, the wife of the novelist. And on the left, she is seen with her mother and the two girls . . . a study of *Three Generations.*

Talking of *Corinne Griffith* and the other women who plan to interrupt their careers for the greater career of motherhood, *Irene Rich* said she was glad she had known her motherhood before she even thought of a career upon the screen. Now she plans to work without any interruption in order that a goodly sum may be laid by for her daughters' education.

Incidentally, *Miss Rich's* latest picture is *"Being Respectable."*

The True Story of my Life

[*SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS ON PAGE 26*]

Betty Blythe

AS the picture was drawing to a close, the Wilcox Company of London wished me to make a second picture and suggested my playing Katherine in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." I refreshed my memory of it and refused because it would put me right back in the class of the unsympathetic vamp. Our mutual fancies then fell upon Longfellow's "Spanish Student," and we agreed to adapt it for the screen and later film it in Vienna and parts of Spain.

After three months of delightful comradeship with these English actors, we finished "Chu Chin Chow" and I started on a motor trip through Germany with Mr. and Mrs. Felix Pfitzner, he being the manager of the Famous Players' studio in Berlin. We went through the most wonderful and picturesque country imaginable and inspected many magnificent castles and prehistoric ruins. Going through Bavaria, it reminded me in places of the colorful Hollywood homes built in the foothills there, because all the Bavarian houses are painted bright, exotic colors. Those quaint villages, nestling in the hills around some old baronial hall and church—for they were seldom far apart—were certainly a delight to behold.

In *Munich* we spent a wonderful week, and found early films of *Charlie Chaplin* and *Jackie Coogan*, the only two *American* artists who seem to be known in *Germany*, owing to the war and . . . since the *Armistice* . . . the rate of exchange has made it impossible for them to purchase our most recent pictures.

On the right is a new portrait of *Miss Blythe* . . . and below are her beautiful hands which are famous in motion picture circles.

Photograph by N. Muray

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

I will never forget the night we spent near Ingoldstadt. The car broke down between that town and the next village, and we applied for shelter at a picturesque farmhouse nearby. While, externally it looked so slant of roof, so quaint and old world in the silver moonlight, it was, within, the most odorous environment one could possibly imagine, for the very walls seemed saturated with garlic. The farmer's "frau" told us the structure was about 400 years old, and it smelled 4,000!

However, we were fortunate not to be sleeping in the car or a haystack, so accepted our plight with equanimity and, when we retired, stepped over sheep, chickens, apples, corncobs and other paraphernalia of country life in order to get into our beds.

WE slept on eiderdown mattresses, nestling deeply in their enfolding comfort, and, strangely enough, had the same sort of mattress covering us, except that they were not made sufficiently long to tuck in at the foot of the bed, so while you baked in the middle, your feet, head and shoulders protruded into the cold world and froze.

Continuing our journey, we sped through Dresden and Leipsic to Wittenberg, where we stood at the grave of Martin Luther in a most impressive cathedral, through Bayreuth, where the magnificent Wagnerian festival is

(*Continued on page 26*)

Photograph by Russell Ball

Everybody's Friend

Thomas Meighan is, without any doubt, one of the most popular men in his profession. We have never heard anyone about the studios say they didn't like *Tommy*. And we think it is this friendly, honest streak in his make-up that has given him his great popularity on the screen. Everybody senses in him a true friend.

Now he is in *California*, where he is playing in *"Tongues of Flame,"* having signed a new contract with *Famous Players-Lasky*.

The Young AMERICAN

Mack Sennett, the man who was far-sighted enough to sponsor Chaplin, Gloria Swanson and Mabel Normand in their obscure days, has signed Ralph Graves on a long-term contract. He declares that Graves is a comedian of the first water . . . and typical of young American manhood.

By Helen Greenwood

HE was once the romantic hero, shiny-haired and dreamy, yet full of pep, too; so strong but so gentle (the sub-titles said so); so slow to anger on the take-off, but such a wild wow for action once all his cylinders got going.

Now he's a comedian, over on the Sennett lot—but a pie-less comedian, one whom the syphon has not yet sullied.

"Was it easy," we asked Ralph Graves, "making the transition?"

"Well, yes, it was," said Ralph. "But sometimes they would want to revert to the early Pie Era. That was what all the arguments with Mack Sennett were about."

Ralph wrinkled his brow as he sat there in that bare publicity office at the Sennett studios. Only for us who knew was it the place of romance. There, indeed, in that very chair from which the blue paint was fast wearing, had sat Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle and Sidney Chaplin and Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost. Even Charlie Chaplin had helped to wear the paint. All had sat there and told what they thought about comedy, and about their arguments with Mack Sennett.

And all the while, old Mack with his ruddy face, sat in his little private office just around the corner, grinning his Irish grin, sitting pretty, saying nothing. He knew, did the shrewd Mack, just when it was time to heave a custard pie, whether the actors did or not!

He is the exponent of a new school of comedy, and he has clean-cut ideas about it.

"No more gags in my pictures unless I approve of them!" Ralph exclaimed. "I don't like gags just dragged in. I don't mind a gag if it just happens naturally, but I think they are awful otherwise. For instance, they wanted me to put a dead cat on my back—it is really a stuffed cat, so not so bad as sounds—in the picture I'm making now, and I didn't like it. Maybe if they'd just put it on and right off again, all right. But they left it there! The idea was coarse. I want the custard pie people kept out. I want the pictures to be humorous instead of funny. I am worried to death for fear I may get into the physical stuff. For if I do, I shall get into physical gags like grimacing and leaping and queer make-up, and I don't want to, because in that field I am competing with people who are a hundred times funnier than I can ever be in that line.

"I don't know if I have any method! The only method I have is the one Mr. Sennett gave me. His idea is that whenever a situation comes along that requires anything in the way of acting, the actor should just stop and think a few minutes, and then do it absolutely naturally. I've found, going on this, that I must get into the mood of the fun, in a funny situation, and then get myself out of the way entirely. Don't you think that actors sometimes spoil situations? An actor is likely to think it is his personality that is putting the scene over, and he spoils it that way. If the comedy situation is unnatural even, but if the actor is natural in it—just plays the character and forgets himself—it will be funny."

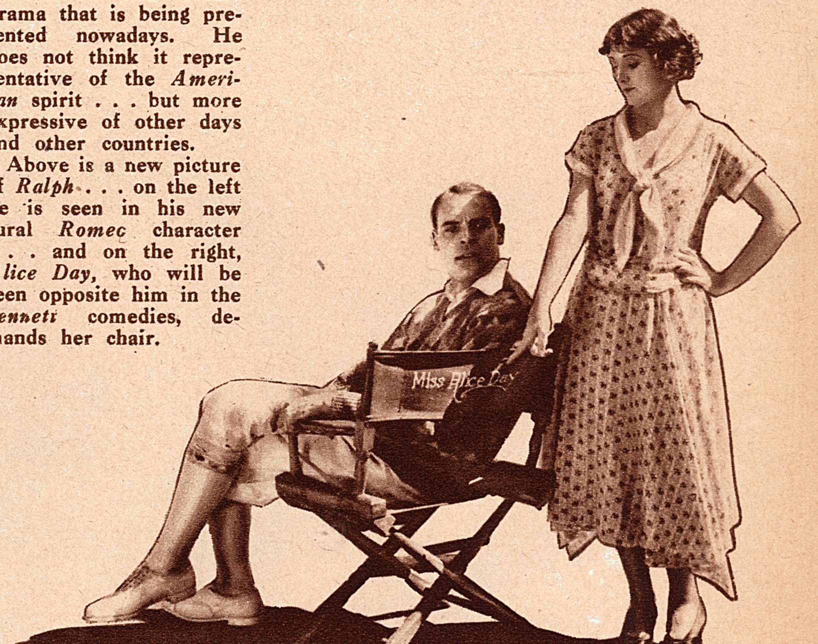
RALPH GRAVES in his various comedies, and particularly in "East of the Water Plug," is subtle, suave, different, in his comedy. He is different from anybody else playing in comedy. He has a whimsical sense of comedy, a drollery, peculiarly his own. And he has looks and sex appeal as well.

"But I don't want to make an appeal through sex," said Ralph. "If the sex appeal is there, all right, but I don't want to lay it up. That would destroy the wholesomeness (*Continued on page 31*)

Photographs above and below by George F. Cannon

***Ralph Graves* doesn't believe in the sordid drama that is being presented nowadays. He does not think it representative of the *American* spirit . . . but more expressive of other days and other countries.**

Above is a new picture of *Ralph* . . . on the left he is seen in his new rural *Romeo* character . . . and on the right, *Alice Day*, who will be seen opposite him in the *Sennett* comedies, demands her chair.



Those Young

The first baby is always a BIG EVENT. thrilled over the nurse's day out and their That is the secret of the hu-

By Grace

SHE dwells in a pink-and-ivory kingdom, and hasn't the faintest idea that she is about the most famous baby in the picture world.

I mean Mildred Gloria Lloyd, daughter of Harold Lloyd, and called Gloria for short.

"Too many Mildreds around the house would never do!" exclaimed Mildred Davis Lloyd.

Of course, you know the "Gloria" is for Gloria Hope, wife of Lloyd Hughes, and a great friend of Mildred's.

Mildred bustled downstairs, looking prettier than I've ever seen her before, clad in her pretty lemon silk afternoon dress, and apologizing for being late. But Baby's hours are all-important, and could Baby help it if guests would arrive right at her meal time? Of course not.

As for Harold's domestic comedy, now in the making——

"No, indeed, he didn't take anything from his own home life! I'd just better catch him at it!" exclaims the vivacious Mildred.

However, says Harold, if one's wife did sometimes give him a list of errands to do, and if one realized one was sometimes late for dinner to the confounding of the cook, and if one realized that one did sometimes become too absorbed in one's morning paper, and wifie didn't like it, why—

Well, you can see for yourself just how it would be!

"Of course one's *worst* domestic scraps shall never reach the screen!" teases Harold. Where-

Photograph by Kornman

"Harold goes out and buys more insurance for the baby whenever he thinks of it," *Mildred Davis Lloyd* explained. "And already he is planning a *Christmas* surprise. He won't even tell me what it is."

Above are the *Lloyds* and *Mildred Gloria* . . named after *Gloria Hope*, the wife of *Lloyd Hughes* and a friend of *Mildred's*.

And, on the right, are *Harold* and *Mildred* in their garden.

Things

And no young couple were ever more

reign in the nursery than the young Lloyds.

man note struck in this story

Kingsley

Maybe *Harold* did want a boy before *Gloria* came. Now he insists that it was always the little girls he favored. Furthermore, according to *Mildred,* he certainly thinks he knows how "to run a baby."

Above is a brand new picture of *Harold* and his daughter and heir . . . who is the living image of her father, you'll notice . . . and below is the *Lloyd* house which centers entirely *Gloria's* pink and ivory kingdom.

upon Mildred makes as if to box his ears, but he dodges, and adds fuel to the flame:

"And, of course, one's mother-in-law's temper isn't featured, and——"

But that's where Mildred calms right down. People say sometimes that Harold is almost more devoted to his mother-in-law than Mildred is. Which is only, however, another way of emphasizing how fond he is of her, for, as a matter of fact, Mildred adores her mother—was always her mother's pal.

THE baby looks exactly like Harold! Even the shape of little Gloria's head is like her dad's, and the color of her eyes—a sort of deep violet.

"I suppose Harold is giving the baby a lot of presents," I said.

"Oh, whenever he thinks of presents," said Mildred, "he just goes and takes out some more insurance for her. But he is planning something wonderful for her Christmas—won't tell even me what it is."

Did Harold long for a boy before the baby came?

If you remind him of it, he looks blank—has forgotten that he ever thought of such a thing.

Said Mildred, as we settled ourselves in the comfortable living-room:

"Before the baby came, Harold longed ardently for a boy. But the other day we were driving along, and saw two little boys. (*Continued on page* 28)

ACROSS the SCREEN

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"—80%

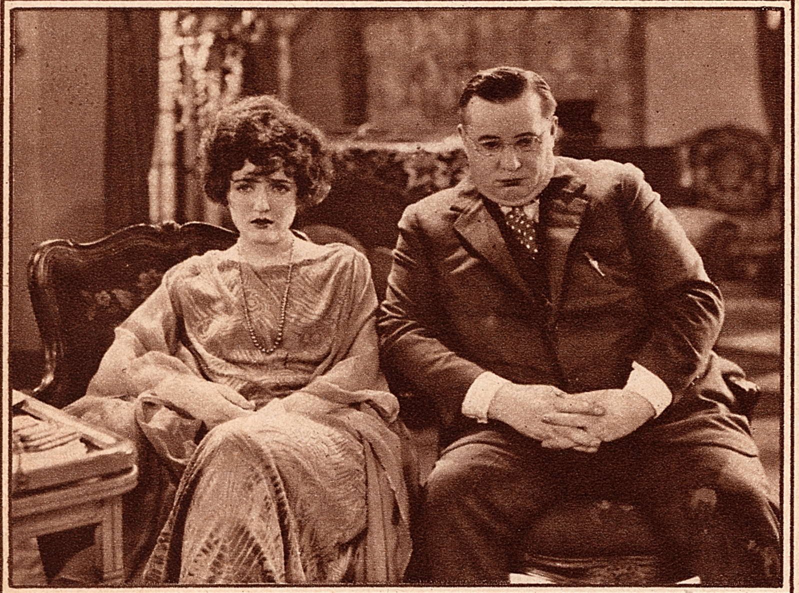
Reviewed by John W. Vandercook

Thomas Hardy wrote a great English novel called "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," about a raven-haired, unsophisticated milkmaid. Marshall Neilan has produced a picture centering around a sophisticated blonde who under no conceivable circumstances could be taken for a milk maid. And, sarcastically enough, he has used the title of the novel for his film. The resemblance otherwise is not strong.

Blanche Sweet is the heroine. She is a capable actress, a rare beauty, and her permanent wave is little short of divine. But as Tess, the milkmaid, we must regretfully announce that she is absurd.

Magnificent photography, wisely and tastefully selected interior and exterior settings and all the technical exactitudes of the best cinemas are present in "Tess." It also benefits from the able presence of Mr. Conrad Nagel doing a little less well than usual. Then, too, Hardy's plotful and thrilling narrative provided the best sort of celluloid material. But that is only half. The other half consists of charming close-ups of Miss Sweet in smart Parisian frocks, giving excellent imitations of herself in her most sophisticated roles. Were the incongruity of the part not so distressingly evident, the film would be pleasurable. But the incongruity *is* there.

The cast includes: George Fawcett, Stuart Holmes, Blanche Sweet and Conrad Nagel.



"BABBITT"—90%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

Unless your affections are too firmly fixed on the George Babbitt which Sinclair Lewis has given to the world in his novel called simply "Babbitt," you will enjoy the Babbitt which the Warner Brothers are presenting on the screen.

Dorothy Farnum, one of the most intuitive of scenarists, made the adaptation and it seems to me that she has done as well as could be expected with a story whose chief charms were the soliloquies of Babbitt or his conversations with his pal, Paul Reisling.

"Babbitt" teaches that a man is bored with the wife of his youth, four times out of five; and that his only escape is through death or his day dreams.

Poor old fat Babbitt was the ideal family man in the daytime, with a dull wife and three quarrelsome children, but in his slumbers always he wandered through the shaded dells with an elfin beauty who loved him and lured him.

Willard Louis is perfect as this fat hero, who, so far as the world knew, was true to the last.

Mary Alden is a bit too interesting and a bit too pretty for the boresome wife, and Carmel Myers is quite miscast as Tanis, Babbitt's one indiscretion.

The cast includes: Willard Louis, Mary Alden, Carmel Myers, Raymond McKee and Gertrude Olmstead.

"FOOLS IN THE DARK"—80%

Reviewed by Alma Talley

This is a high voltage mystery melodrama that will make your hair stand on end. One thrill after another chases itself down your spine, provided, that is, you are patient enough to sit through the first two reels. Nothing out the obligation of reviewing the picture would have induced us to stay through such a dreary introduction.

Characters and incidents are introduced at great length which have nothing at all to do with the story and do not even appear again later. Yards and yards of needless titles chase one another over the screen.

All this, however, was at a preview of the picture, and we are assured that the shears will go clipping along at a great rate before the picture is released to the theatres.

After a little judicious cutting, the picture will emerge as a series of novel thrills interspersed with humor. The hero rushes along a road just as it is blown up with dynamite—a la the end of episode 10—he rescues the heroine from the villain's ship with an airplane—anyway, it's full of suspense.

Matt Moore is the timid hero poet who becomes a real guy when put to the test and is delightful in the role. Patsy Ruth Miller makes a lovely heroine.

The cast includes: Matt Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bertram Grassby, Charles Belcher and Tom Wilson. Directed by Al Santell.

Editor's Note: ***From now on our reviews will be printed of a uniform size so that they may be kept for future reference. They are written by members of our editorial staff who are skilled critics and whose viewpoints we know to be sane and unbiased. We believe you will find the ratings of special assistance and invite our readers to send in their personal ratings of pictures they see.***

Rating: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 75%; Poor, 60%.

"BEHOLD THIS WOMAN"—75%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

Another popular novel now appearing on Broadway for the first time is E. Phillip Oppenheim's "Behold This Woman," which is really only "The Hillman" in screen guise.

We should like to be able to say something for "Behold This Woman," but as a matter of fact, we don't think it matters a lot whether you behold this woman or whether you do not.

"The Hillman" was a fascinating story; "Behold This Woman" is an unsatisfactory imitation of all the Hollywood jazz pictures that have gone before. And who, we arise to ask, is Charles Buddy Post, who plays the hillman? Not that it makes any difference, only we think he is the worst actor we have so far encountered. Of course, he must have been chosen because of his size, but there are Lefty Flynn, Clyde Fillmore and Charles de Roche, all of whom measure well over the six foot mark, all of whom are gorgeous looking, all of whom are good actors.

Anders Randolph is fine in a grouchy part, and Marguerite de la Motte is better than we ever have seen her before. Irene Rich is miscast as the heroine, and so is Harry Myers as the villain. No, we didn't care very much for "Behold This Woman."

The cast includes: Irene Rich, Harry Myers, Rosemary Theby, Marguerite de la Motte and Anders Randolph.

"THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE"—85%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

It seemed as though "The Mountebank," as William Locke wrote it, had nothing but sure-fire stuff in it, and yet as "The Side Show of Life," a screen play made by Herbert Brenon, it is a most disappointing picture.

In the first place the people in it seem to be suffering from a bad case of miscasting. Ernest Torrence is one of the finest character actors on the screen, but we just can't feel romantic over him and it seemed too much to ask one to believe that the beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson should renounce all others and set herself the task of finding him by wandering around the world looking for him.

Neil Hamilton, that handsome young man who worked in D. W. Griffith's pictures so effectively, acts as though he never had been before the camera before and was frightened to death. The direction appears to our practiced eye about as bad as anything could be and still be called direction. It all savors of the good old hokum days of 1910, when first our eyes saw the light of a film. At that time "The Side Show of Life" would have been considered a great picture. Now it couldn't be.

As somebody has so sagely remarked, however, "It's a dark cloud that has no lining," and in this picture the silver lining is Maurice Cannon.

The cast includes: Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson, Louise Lagrange, Maurice Cannon and Neil Hamilton.

"THE SIGNAL TOWER"—95%

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

"The Signal Tower!" Here we can hang out a white light which means go ahead. Wadsworth Camp wrote this story, James Spearing made the adaptation, and Clarence Brown directed, so they must divide the honors. Also, we can safely say that Wallace Beery, in the role of a "railroad sheik," does some acting that is as fine as anything we ever saw on the screen. Rockcliffe Fellowes is peerless as the brave switchman, whose attractive wife is desired by the horrible "sheik." Virginia Valli is excellent as the wife and gives the best performance of her career. We predict that the day is not far distant when Miss Valli will do something really fine, for she possesses beauty plus ability.

No one could miss getting a thrill out of "The Signal Tower." It is one of those railroad melodramas where the lightning express is on the same track with the runaway freight, and nothing but the quick wits and the strong arms of the switchman can save the night.

Of course he does it and the fact that the freight is ditched, while the express goes flying over the same rails two seconds later, does not spoil the thrill at all. Anything might happen, and, in fact, it does, in "The Signal Tower!"

The cast includes: Virginia Valli, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Wallace Beery, Frankie Darro, James O. Barrows and J. Farrell MacDonald.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

A Hollywood Flapper

Patricia Ruth Miller's career doesn't read like a *Horatio Alger* novel or a success story. Quite the contrary. One day when *Patsy* was spending the afternoon at a *California* beach with her family, a director saw her and induced *Mrs. Miller* to let *Patsy* play a part in his next picture. However, we wouldn't advise screen aspirants to sit around the *California* beaches. This is the only instance of its kind which has ever reached our ear.

Patsy's latest picture is *"Fools in the Dark."*

My Own Story of my Trip Abroad by Rudolph VALENTINO

S. S. Belgenland, Homeward Bound, October 15th.

I SUPPOSE I have used the word "home" in various ways in this diary. There is something, after all, in the old adage that where a man hangs his hat is home. That is, I think, particularly true of men. Women must make a home before it is home to them. I have noted that women will fix up hotel rooms with little odd touches, or even in the most brief of rented abodes will somehow manage to transform them before they can be what they call "at home." But a man can literally hang up his hat and feel as though he is at home. That comes, especially, to men who have traveled or whose work has called them frequently from one part of the country to the other.

This boat is home to me now. It is taking me home. And it is, I hope, taking me back to my work. That, most of all, is *home*. A studio . . . the glaring and blaring of the lights . . . the hammering of the carpenters . . . the raw skeletons of unfinished sets . . . the striking of the lights . . . the shifting, painted people, moving about here and there . . . the coatless director corralling his forces . . . the noise of it all . . . the smell of it all . . . that is really home . . .

I feel, in a sense, that I have had no vacation whatsoever. Time doesn't constitute a vacation, nor does moving about from place to place, seeing sights and meeting people. Vacation is playtime and play should be the be-all and end-all of a vacation.

With me this trip has been just a rush trip to see a lot of relatives. We really hadn't any vacational enjoyment out of it, as things go. And still, the mere change of it all was a rest, in a sense. We weren't, after all, doing anything constructive. The creative faculties were at low ebb, if nothing else, and that, in itself, is a great change for a person in my line of work.

Still, I feel happy on this boat.

I know from the telegrams I have had that things are adjusting themselves in America. It is, I feel confident, now, just a question of time.

Mr. Steuer has been working for me and has got things whipped into such shape that I am very anxious to get back. Sometimes, now that I am really on my way, I feel like getting out and pushing the boat along. It seems to take its great way so leisurely through the waters. As though nothing mattered but the sea and the sky, calm, I am glad to say, thus far.

Tomorrow we shall sight the Statue of Liberty. Even as I sighted it for the first time so many years ago. The same (*Continued on page 27*)

Mr. Valentino writes of his return to America . . . and to the studios. The legalities which kept him absent from the studios cleared up to bring him the long-desired role of "Monsieur Beaucaire," upon what higher note could he close his diary?

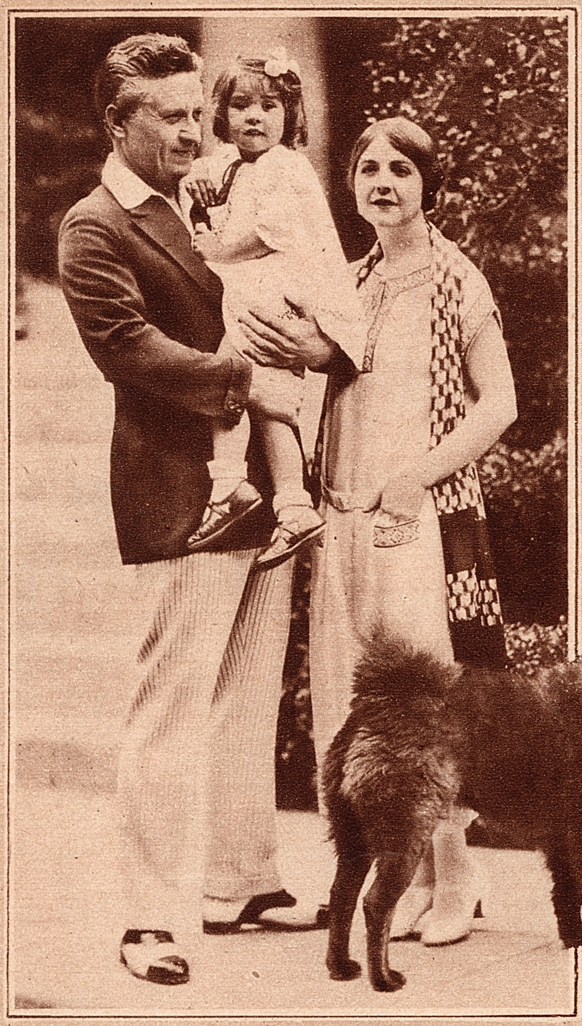
A studio . . . most of all . . . is home to me. With the glaring and the blaring of the lights . . . the raw skeletons of unfinished sets . . . the shifting, painted people moving about . . . the coatless director corralling his forces . . . the noise of it . . . that is really home.

Above is *Rudolph Valentino*, photographed as he was about to leave the studios after a day's work . . . and on the left he is seen in his dressing room. Notice the variety of costumes of "*Monsieur Beaucaire*"—the wigs ready to be adjusted. Everything must be in readiness for waits between scenes cost a great deal of money.

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

On the Set

News and Photographs from the Circles of the Motion



There is such a thing as home life in *Hollywood* despite the contrary impression which our newspapers have striven to create. Here are the *Fred Niblos* (*Mrs. Niblo* is *Enid Bennett*, you know), with their little girl and their dog, photographed on the grounds of their *Hollywood* home.

And, on the right, is *Cullen Landis* at the wheel of his new car. Stardom has some compensations which go far in making up for the trials the stars know when the income tax payments come due.

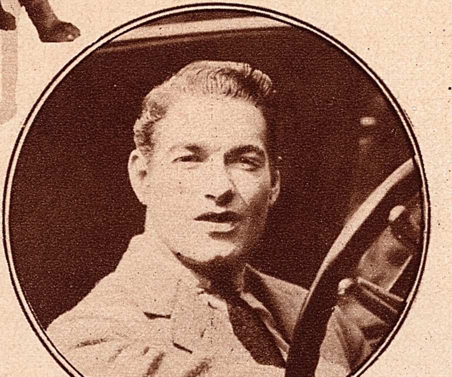
Sir James Barrie wants Lillian Gish or Mae Marsh for the title role of Peter Pan. This interesting piece of news reaches us as we go to press. It is said that the famous author-playwright has told Jesse L. Lasky that either of the aforementioned young women are his choice for the coveted role of Peter.

Furthermore, Sir James will not come to this country to supervise the filming of the picture, as has been previously announced. May McAvoy is Sir James' choice to play Wendy, and Ernest Torrence for "Hook, the Pirate."

It has been reported that Mary Pickford offered to play Peter for $100,000 and, with Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish, she remains one of the three actresses who are being seriously considered for the role.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

On returning from his vacation, one of Mack Sennett's first official announcements was that Mabel Normand has signed another long-term contract with him. This announcement definitely puts the skids on the rumors that Miss Normand would not continue making pictures for Mr. Sennett.



◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Of course, you know, there may not be a thing to it, but as we go to press, the news of Gloria Swanson's engagement to Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, has reached our desk. The two stars returned from Europe on the same steamer and were seen to be constantly in each other's company; so their friends have deduced that an engagement is the answer.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Pola Negri, according to a well-authenticated report, is to desert the films for a time and return to the stage. Negotiations for a suitable vehicle for the gorgeous Polish lady are now under way and, on completing another picture under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch, she will return to her first love—the stage. This flyer into the drama, however, will in no way interfere with the star's long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

It has been hinted that United Artists will not relinquish D. W. Griffith to Famous Players-Lasky unprotestingly. They claim that, according to recent agreement, the "Big Four"—Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin and Griffith—planned to make nine new pictures each before severing business connections. If Mr. Griffith attempts to leave, it is said, he will be violating his part of the agreement and injunction proceedings may result.

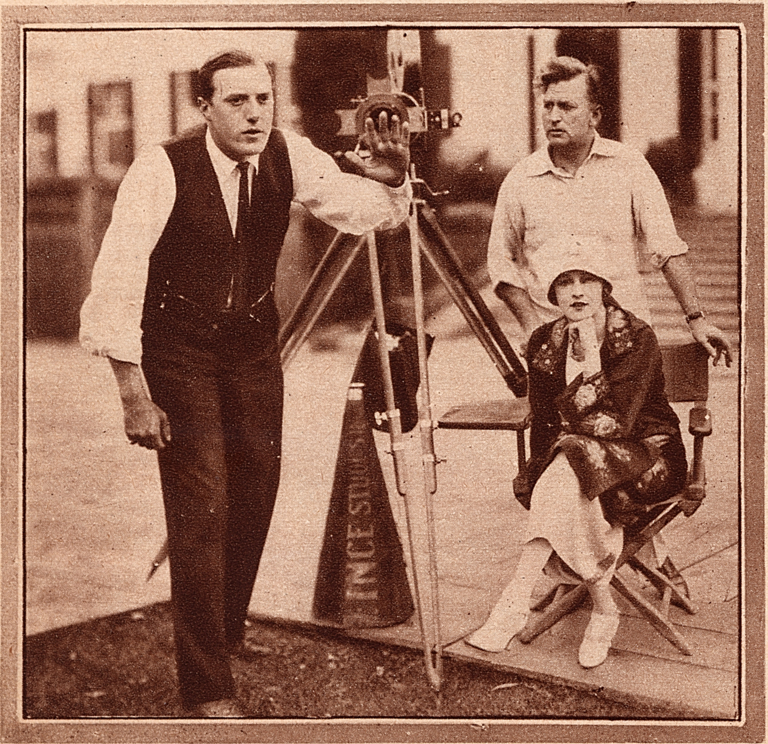
◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Richard Dix has at last received a well-deserved promotion. He is now to shine as a full-fledged star in the film firmament. His rise from leading man to featured player and thence to stardom has been accomplished in a comparatively short space of time. "Manhattan" will be Richard's first starring picture and Jacqueline Logan will play the feminine lead.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

So Ralph Bushman, son of Francis X. Bushman, has gone and got married! Even while his handsome dad is still playing romantic heroes, Ralph, who is about twenty-one years old, is wed. The bride is a picture actress, Beatrice Danti.

The young people have known each other for some time, but the affair



Mr. Anna Q. Nilsson, alias *John Gunnerson*, is a shoe manufacturer of *Milwaukee*, but he has turned his face towards the motion picture profession. He is learning the business under the direction of *Thomas H. Ince*. Here we find him at work while *Ince* and *Anna* look on.

and Off

Studios and Social Picture World

between them was supposed to be merely friendship. However, the romance bloomed a few weeks ago, with the wedding resulting.

The couple expect to enter vaudeville shortly in a sketch in which they play hero and heroine respectively.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

George Walsh, from all accounts, is engaged to June Mathis, the latter a scenario writer of much fame. The two went to Rome, Walsh to play "Ben Hur," Miss Mathis to write the scenario. The romance, however, started before that time, while both were with Goldwyn before the recent merger with Metro and Mayer took place. Naturally, in a foreign land they were thrown much together.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

The airplane is used these days for something besides mere fun. Anyway, when Pauline Frederick flies, it is because she is in a hurry. She was in a hurry to get to Santa Barbara to open on the stage in "Spring Cleaning," because she had to work until the last minute in a Universal picture. So she just took a plane. She says she enjoyed the trip very much indeed.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Another child actress has blossomed forth into young womanhood. She is Annabelle Lee, who used to play kid parts in Universal pictures. Now she is a young lady, still playing in Universal pictures, and she has an important part in Jacques Jaccard's "Riding Mad."

"I've been in school for a while," said Annabelle, the other day, "and I hated to leave, really; but I'm keeping up my school work still and hope to graduate, just as Bessie Love did, even if, like Bessie, I have to attend night school to do it."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ruth Clifford has just come back to Hollywood from the wilds of Idaho, where she played the lead in "The Tornado." She was in the neighborhood of the St. John River and Marble Creek, and she told us some of her adventures.

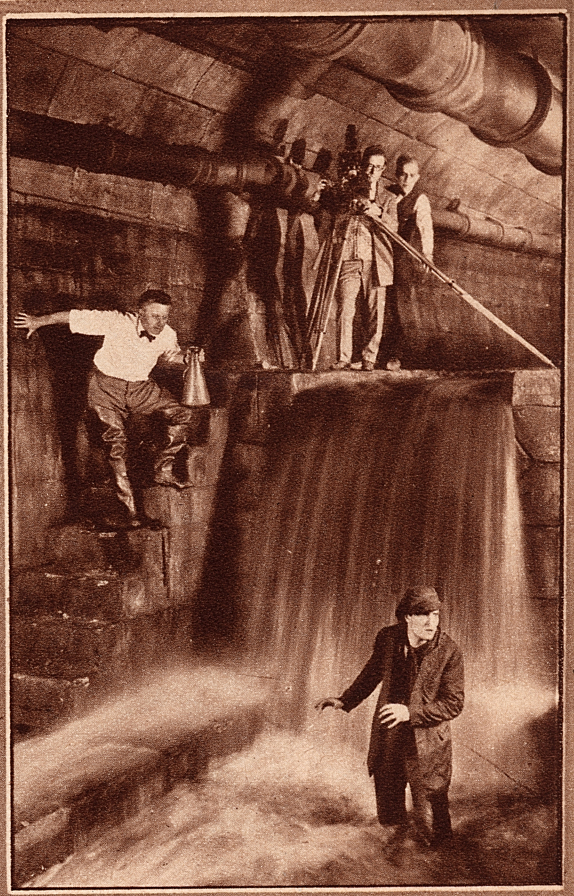
"I could almost write poetry fit to print about that location, it is so beautiful," said Ruth. "They float the big logs down the St. John River from above where the trees are cut down. A lot of real lumberjacks are working in the picture. They can almost dance on the logs without falling off, but the first actor who tried it fell in.

"I had a very lively adventure. I fell asleep one day on the rocks close to the river and had a very narrow escape. It was about 3:30 in the afternoon, and it seems that each day at four they flood the spot where I was so peacefully sleeping. This is to force the big logs down stream which get washed up.

"I could not hear the members of the company calling to me even if I hadn't been asleep, because of the noise of the water, and they couldn't see me because I was on a lower bank. It just happened luckily for me that a lumberjack came by and found me before the flood of water reached me. Believe me, I'm grateful to that lumberjack."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

It is old-fashioned, if you are an actress, to have your jewels and furs stolen. Betty (*Continued on page 27*)



"The Red Lily" **casts *Ramon Novarro* as a crook living in the sewers of *Paris*. And here is *Fred Niblo* directing *Ramon* in an exceedingly realistic and uncomfortable scene.**

When in *Rome* do as the *Romans* do, advises the old adage. And here is *Florence Vidor* between scenes of *"Barbara Frietchie"* trying her hand at the old game of battledore-and-shuttlecock.

Below *Victor Fleming*, her director, gives *Norma Shearer* a shampoo while *Jack Holt* looks on and decides his hair can wait until the company returns to modern conveniences.

A Woman who SINNED

The fascinating story of a woman who used the wreckage of her past as a foundation for a glorious future

By Charles Warnerby

previous instalments it has been told how Mrs. Hillburn, young and beautiful wife of the clergyman of a tiny parish consented in her innocence, to dine with the handsome stranger, Ransdell, on board his private yacht when it moored outside her seacoast home. It has been recounted how Ransdell stole Mrs. Hillburn away on his yacht and took her love. On discovering what had happened, she asked Ransdell to take her back to shore and when he refused, she plunged into the dark water and swam the two miles to the coast, arriving at dawn. Looking in the window of her home, she heard her husband tell the baby that his mother had been lost. It was then she decided to go her way and seek revenge for the great wrong done her by Ransdell. . . . Go on from here.

A YEAR, under certain circumstances, is a long time in the career of a woman. It may sink her, as a ship is sunk, to the bottommost depth of life's social sea, or it may raise her to rare heights of affluence and power.

Mrs. Hillburn, an outcast before the world, was not one of the kind, however, who sink. Rather, the months that followed her mad night on the yacht of Ransdell, saw her slow but steady ascent to new heights, albeit heights that modesty and virtue could never scale. And she gained them upon her journey to New York and her subsequent accidental meeting with Ransdell himself, the very man who had been the author of her misfortune and misery.

A studio party to which Mrs. Hillburn, an attractive young matron, was invited by a chance woman acquaintance accomplished the meeting of the two. Ransdell at first did not recall the pretty young woman as the one whom months before he had invited on board his yacht in the harbor of a Maine fishing village. Mrs. Hillburn, however, remembered it. She had only too good a reason to remember it. And, remembering it, she had sworn vengeance upon the man who had turned the current of her life into so turgid a channel.

Ransdell's interest in Mrs. Hillburn upon seeing her again after her early morning leap into the ocean from his yacht was heightened considerably over that he had first known

"It's wonderful to have found you again, darling," he murmured a few months after they had met again and Mrs. Hillburn was living in sumptuous elegance. An enigmatic smile was her only reply. Bit by bit she had ingratiated herself into his favor to the extent of his signing over to her securities worth a fortune. And now she was only biding her time against the opportunity that she knew would come for her to drop a bomb-shell upon the man she hated.

"It's wonderful to have found you again," *Ransdell* murmured.

But more years were to drag by with weighted footsteps than Mrs. Hillburn would ever have dreamed it possible for her to bear, before the time came for her to punish Ransdell as he had punished her. A Federal investigation at last offered her the chance she was seeking and she closed upon it with a sinister eagerness. He came home to her one night, his face white and drawn and a cold fear, it was patent, tugging at his heart.

"My God, Rita!" he cried hoarsely, "I'm afraid I'm in for it with the Federal authorities."

Again the slow, enigmatic smile played gently about Mrs. Hillburn's face. It had been a long wait, this opportunity for revenge, but fate was at last delivering this man into her hands. And thus it happened. The long arm of the government reached out and seized Ransdell, casting him like a puppet into the stone enclosure of Fort Leavenworth. He had turned to the woman he wronged upon the final cast of the die and broken down.

"They got me!" he murmured with aching throat.

Her body had straightened electrically and she had suddenly seemed to grow before him like an avenging spirit.

"No," she cried imperiously, "*they* didn't get you! *I* got you!"

He stared incredulously back at her.

"I got *you*," she repeated hoarsely, "you contemptible dog, and this is the hour of my revenge. I'm paying you back with interest for all the misery and heartache you've caused me!"

Ransdell wet his lips without reply. He read in the fierce, implacable countenance of the woman before him the resolve to deal mercilessly with him—as he had once dealt with her. And thus they parted, she to continue her life in the silken luxury of sin, while he commenced a new life within the walls of a Federal penitentiary.

The years that followed were scarlet ones in the career of Rita Hillburn. From one end of Manhattan to the other, wherever bright lights shone and money was spent, she was known as a peculiarly dissolute character, a woman without a moral nature, who would stop at nothing to gain her idle and vicious ends. *(Continued on page 29)*

Why? Ask the Readers

Some excerpts from the innumerable letters, which, with generous praise for Madame Petrova as an individual and artist, repeat our question, "Why is Petrova barred from the screen?"

By Gladys Hall

IN the June 7th issue of Movie Weekly we ran an article entitled, "WHY IS PETROVA BARRED FROM THE SCREEN?" An honest question voiced in the best of faith. A puzzled faith. Well, we are still puzzled. We still don't know. And neither, it would appear, do the fans. We are convinced on one point only, and that is, that the public would like this question answered quite as much as would our private selves. As proof thereof, we elect to print in whole or in part a few of the innumerable letters we have received following the publication of the interrogatory article:

Miss Fannye Brooks, Linder Ave. and Hoffman St., Baltimore, Maryland, writes us:

"I have just finished reading your article in the June 7th issue, 'Why Is Petrova Barred From the Screen?' I, too, ask WHY?

"Of *course* we want Petrova back, and the sooner the better. I have always been an ardent admirer of her work and of herself personally, and nearly everyone that I know greatly admires her and would love to have her back. Why go by what the critics say—go by the public, and I can say, also, from a recent week here in Baltimore, that the people liked her play, her acting, her beauty. I cannot say too much in praise of Mme. Petrova, because I think that everything she does is *perfect*.

"I think the fans should all get together to have Mme. Petrova back on the screen again, and here's hoping your magazine will be the means of accomplishing that one thing. Keep the challenge up. *We want her back!"*

From Mary Conlin, 802 Lexington Ave., New York City, comes this:

"I have always been an admirer of Mme. Olga Petrova, and until I came to New York I lived in a town where she did not appear personally and always looked forward to seeing her in motion pictures. But when the opportunity presented itself for me to see her on the legitimate stage, I always sacrificed something for the price of a seat and never considered it a loss. In my estimation Mme. Petrova's pictures were far above the average ones of today insofar as fineness of technique was concerned. I often wondered just why she dropped out so suddenly.

There seems to us to be two main points made by these letters. One is the noteworthy fact that there is *no dissenting voice.* The verdict, the appeal, the plaint is unanimous. The public wants *Madame Petrova* back. *THEN WHY IS SHE BARRED FROM THE SCREEN? WHY?*

"I am not surprised that this story should appear in a magazine belonging to Bernarr Macfadden. Anyone who is acquainted with the life of Mr. Macfadden will know of his own struggles and his own difficulties and it is rather wonderful to think that in these material days a man can be found who regards principle a stronger object in life than money. Therefore, it is not surprising that he should take up the cudgels in the matter of helping the fight of the movie screen regarding Mme. Petrova's return. This shows the fineness and the bigness of Mr. Macfadden and I am sure he must realize what the movie world at large has missed during the last six years. He is using his magazine as a means to give us a star who can come back to us and give us what 'art loving' movie fans are waiting for."

Norine Wintrow, feature writer on "The Toledo Blade," Toledo, Ohio, is both a personal and professional partisan of Mme. Petrova's. She writes a long and very definite letter of praise and inquiry regarding Madame, which we quote in part:

"I have just finished reading your story regarding Petrova's being barred from the screen.

"The question you ask is one which I have long wished to have answered. In the last three and one-half years I have criticized movies and spoken plays for four different papers, some of the time doing that work exclusively and even when I was not, always keeping up with the productions, and I have been waiting, wishing Petrova might return to films so that the jaded, hokum-harassed theatre-goers could once more see genuine artistry and sincere visualizations of the truths this woman can give them.

"When Mme. Petrova played Lansing, Michigan, in "The White Peacock," I had the pleasure of interviewing her as well as reviewing the play. In the half hour's conversation I had with her in the Downey Hotel, I received inspiration, knowledge and impressions of the soul of Petrova that have never left me. Never have I come in contact with as brilliant, as advanced and as true-hitting a mind as she possesses. I do not recall ever having been as charmed by a feminine personality as I was by hers . . . The theatre was more than filled that night. (*Continued on page* 30)

What Our READERS Think Of Us

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

Oh, Movie Weekly I admire, I buy you every week,
And several things there are of which I feel constrained to speak.
I'm doing now, in writing this, what it is my intention
To criticize unsparingly. I crave your leave to mention
An earnest and intense disgust for all these weekly letters.
The space we fill should be, I'm sure, devoted to our betters.
We write of OUR dislikes and loves; so personal our view
How can it help you write for ALL—this verdict of the few?

Now, having freed my troubled mind from this profound conviction,
The last week's issue I'll review in all my finest diction.
The serials I never read, but someone must enjoy 'em,
So why should those who *don't* object and say the tales annoy 'em?
Why not a page or two of stills from some first-class production-
And give the film, before release, a pleasant introduction?
Your interviews are splendid—they are frank, unique and snappy.
The one last week with Naldi was particularly happy.
"Confessions," as a rule, I hate; they all should be taboo,
But what the Cameraman admits is interesting and new.
The gossip, "On the Set and Off"—the Colonel's information—
Intrigue me every week anew. I read them with elation.
The secret of the Silhouettes is very fascinating
Although I fear MY guessing score will be a minus rating.
The screen reviews by Underhill are witty but, I fear,
They're slightly biased when she writes of those her heart holds dear.
She's overfond of handsome youths and hardly fair to some
Poor damsels who by some mischance beneath her ban have come.
But when she praises those *I* love I murmur, "Clever woman!"
And, anyway, a prejudice but proves one very human.
The photographs are always good—this week they're really fine,
For Anita, Florence, Barthelmess, are favorites of mine.
Fair Betty Blythe's biography will meet with approbation,
But the finest feature every week—in my bold estimation—
Is "My Trip Abroad" by Rudy. It's sincere and vivid. He,
The Monarch of the Cinema, writes wondrously charming.

Oh, Movie Weekly, you are quite—and everyone I've seen—
The peppiest, most truthful, best journal of the screen.

E. E. Preston.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I have usually been in the habit of buying the monthly magazines in which to eagerly devour news of filmdom and the stars. Recently, my sister became wrapped up in the Silhouette Contest, and through her I was treated to my initial glimpse of Movie Weekly. Now no one can catch me waiting for the monthly magazines. I have found one which is issued weekly, and has as much, if not more, fascinating, accurate news and views of pictures and players.

You people, perhaps, don't realize what a real service your splendid weekly is accomplishing. It is a mystery to me how you can cram so much of interest and beauty between two covers every week! And for only a dime!

Those lovely, full-page portraits and cover in every issue are well worth framing. The quality of paper is as luxurious as any of the more expensive magazines. Such pages as "Across the Screen" and "On the Set and Off" are not only interesting, but valuable to all.

In the issue of July 12th were some A-1 interviews and articles—the clever one of Nita Naldi by that unquenchable couple, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher; Betty Blythe's interesting story, and the unique one about the "home of the stars."

That exquisite study of Dick Barthelmess and his mother is one of the kind that is prized by all who see it.

Even the best have faults, however. I did not care for "A Society Girl in the Movies." It did not seem in stride with the high quality of the rest of the magazine. Let us have more of those human stories by the players themselves.

All in all, though, Movie Weekly always contains excellent food for the fan, and doesn't waste space over useless stuff which will clutter up even the best of papers and magazines.

Florence A. Seward.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I began taking your magazine a little while before the Silhouette Contest appeared, and I am writing my appreciation of it at a time when nearly everything pleases me.

The picture of Colleen Moore on the cover is very lovely and although she is not one of my favorites, that portrait is certainly, as the cameraman says in his "Confessions," a "coo-coo."

These last stories are much more interesting and better illustrated than "A Society Girl in the Movies," which preceded them.

I wish you would make an enlargement of Harriette Underhill's department. Her reviews are always interesting, amusing, original and complete. The percentage system is fine for one to tell at a glance whether a picture is good or not.

Some time ago you had a page of short sentence reviews on current pictures to satisfy one of your readers who asked to have it in every issue. I wonder if you couldn't have this page once every four numbers, with a little recommendation of the best picture of the month. I think it would be very helpful.

"We Interviewed Nita Naldi" appealed to me most. I don't think the picture did her justice, but the interview certainly did. I love Nita and wish you would give her a beautiful full-page photo like the ones Anita Stewart and Florence Vidor have in this issue.

"The True Story of My Life," by Betty Blythe, exclusive to Movie Weekly, is simply great. It is witty, well written and very entertaining. It seems wonderful that such a fascinating story can be true.

The enlarging of "On the Set and Off," I believe, suits a great many fans, from what I have read in their letters. I like having all the news in one big group.

That the "Colonel" hasn't yet answered the questions I asked is only one reason for my reading his page. It is full of information and humor so that I don't have to ask the things that I find answered for someone else.

As for the Silhouette Contest! It could be well called an educational puzzle. We fans ought to develop eyes as sharp as an eagle's, looking for characteristics of the stars.

This letter seems very long, but it had to be to cover all the recent changes for the better in your "little wonder" magazine.

Emily Moore.

What Do You Think?

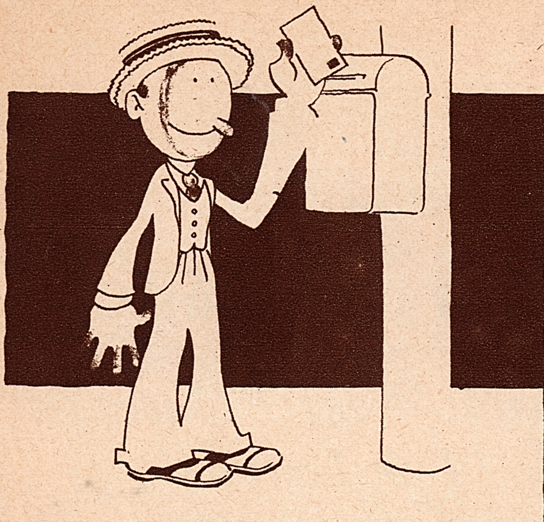
We are interested in whatever you think about anything connected with motion pictures.

In a week or two, this page will be turned over to the praise and criticism and comment we receive regarding every phase of motion pictures. It is the space where we will all freely air the pros and cons of a subject which is very interesting to all of us—the movies!

This department of ours should be very popular, for, who does not enjoy expressing his or her opinion? We plan to pay a dollar for every letter printed and also to publish the writer's photograph.

So it is up to you to see that the Editor's mail bag be filled each day to overflowing.

However, we shall continue to be interested in letters telling What Our Readers Think of Us, but instead of publishing these letters, we will publish simply a list of prize winners.



The Colonel

This department is for the service of our readers. No charge whatever is made for the answering of questions, whatever their number. However, if a personal reply is requested, we ask that you send a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer and if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in the publication, this name should also be written at the bottom of the letter.

Are you curious to know if your favorite screen star is married . . . where he was born . . . or the name of his new picture? If so, write to the COLONEL at Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

RUTH—If answering questions will put you in Heaven, I'll be glad to play Angel. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1895, and has been in movies about eight years. He has brown hair and eyes. Mary Hay, his wife, is about twenty-three and Baby Mary is nearly two, I believe. I suppose you saw the pictures of them at their summer home in Mamaroneck, N. Y., in Movie Weekly for July 26th.

TA TOO—Crazy about Thomas Meighan, are you? So, as the cartoons say, that's what's the matter with you? Tommy is forty-one. Dorothy Dalton recently became Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein. Irene Rich is a widow. Constance Talmadge was at one time married to John Pialoglou and Norma is Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

THE ORIGINAL KID A NO. 1—So you think the fan who signed himself A No. 1 in the May 17th issue was stealing your stuff? Patsy Ruth Miller is under twenty and is not married. Her latest picture is "Fools in the Dark."

PUPPY LOVE—So George O'Hara has you going? Well, if it's a nice place, I might go with you. Billy Sullivan was born in Worcester, Mass., but he didn't say when. He is 5 feet 7½ inches tall and weighs 150. He lives at 1507 Detroit St., Hollywood.

U-NO-ME-AL—Well, if I don't, you sound easy to get acquainted with. ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas. She is now working at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, on "The Fast Set." Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood.

MINERVA GUMP—Of course you can take the privilege of calling me dear. I don't mind how many privileges people take with me, as long as they don't take my money. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City and first appeared on the stage as a violinist. Then she played in Christie Comedies. Betty has never been married. Bebe Daniels is twenty-three and unmarried.

QUEEN TUT—Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that I adore Patsy Ruth Miller or Matt Moore, though they are a very attractive screen team. Patsy Ruth lives at 1822 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood, and Matt at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Madge Bellamy lives at 517 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SUZETTE—Sorry, Suzette, that you didn't receive your photographs. Most screen stars take from two weeks to six to send their pictures.

LITTLE MISS PATIENCE AND LITTLE MISS INQUISITIVE—That's a good combination. Patience should always go with inquisitiveness. Yes, Gloria Swanson has bobbed hair. Charles Hutchinson has, I believe, been making pictures in England. I don't know whether his old address, 801 Riverside Drive, New York City, will still reach him or not. Lola Todd seems to be new to the screen; I have no information about her in my files.

RED WINE—A nice thing to have in almost any cellar! Thomas Meighan's chum, Larry, in "The Confidence Man" was played by Lawrence Wheat.

INQUISITIVE—My page is bubbling over with inquisitiveness this week. Mae Murray is 5 feet 3 and Barbara La Marr 5 feet 3½. Barbara has green eyes. Nita Naldi's are brown. Elaine Hammerstein is Jewish, but I don't think Alma Rubens is. I don't know whether Pola Negri is or not.

JEAN E.—So you think it's wonderful to know as much as I do about the stars? Well, perhaps it is, but I'd trade my knowledge any day for a bit of cold, hard cash. Norman Kerry lives at 1745 McCadden Place, Los Angeles; Charles Jones at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles; Tom Mix at 5841 Carleton Way, Hollywood. Richard Dix has his mail sent to the Lasky Hollywood Studio, and Hoot Gibson, Universal City, Cal. Huntley Gordon's home is at Bayshore, L. I.

VALENTINO FAN—Can Mrs. Valentino understand Italian? Dear, dear, I hope you're not trying to steal Rudy right under her very nose. I don't know, but I wouldn't risk saying anything you don't want her to hear. Rudolph also speaks French, Spanish and, of course, English. I've never heard him boast of playing any stringed musical instruments. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is being released this month.

IKMIK—So you might send me a black cat for luck? That would probably bring the milkman most of the luck. The only person I can suggest you're writing to for a portrait of Wallace Reid is Mrs. Reid, 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. Mae Murray's hair is very blonde. Milton Sills doesn't tell his age—women aren't the only ones!—but I should judge him to be in his forties. Colleen Moore lives at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles. Write Jack Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Anita Stewart, International Studios, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York.

LANKY LEANY ANNIE—In other words, you don't have to diet. Ramon Novarro was born in Buango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He has brown hair and eyes. He is of the Catholic faith and is unmarried; his address is Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

P. P.—You bet I'll have *some* job answering your questions. Well, my life is just filled with *some* jobs like that. Al Smith (I suppose you mean the one who played in the Hallroom Boys Comedies), lives at the Village Inn Hotel, Los Angeles. So far as I know, he isn't married. Art Acord can be reached at Universal City, Cal.; his wife is Edna Nores. Eileen Sedgwick is Mrs. Justin McKloskey and lives at 1800 W. Vine St., Los Angeles. Write Jack Mower at the Elks' Club, Glendale, Cal.

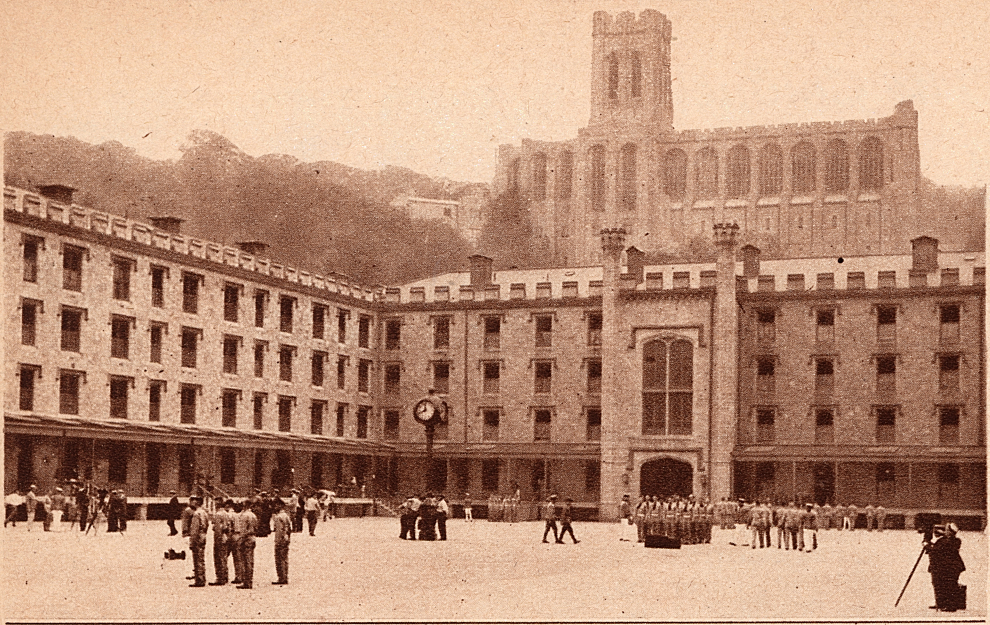
SWEET GIRL GRADUATE—Graduate from what? Aileen Pringle lives at 1450 Seward St., Hollywood; Claire Windsor, Hotel Algonquin, New York. Write Mae Busch at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal., and Raymond Griffith at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

BRIGHT EYES—A lot of bright eyes seem to read Movie Weekly. No, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are not engaged. See JEAN E.

PINK EYES—I had the pink eye once, when I was a kid. Yes, Maude Adams was certainly considered one of America's greatest dramatic actresses when she played; Mary Anderson was another. I am not enough of an authority on "yesterday's actresses" to attempt to tell you who the two greatest American actresses were.

BOBBY—Of course Marion Davies may have sneaked down and lived in Virginia without my knowledge, but she was born and brought up in Brooklyn and, New York. Yes, there is a Margaret Falconer who played in "Sonny." Her name is not mentioned in the cast of "His Chlldren's Children."

KEWPIE DOLL—I don't think you can be as persistent an admirer as you claim or you would have read this page enough to know that answers in the next issue are impossible. You must allow several weeks to print and distribute the magazine and you also must take (*Continued on page* 28)



West Point for a Stage

And West Pointers For Extras

Above is a view of the barracks where the "plebes" live for the first year. They are, actually, the freshmen of *West Point*. The chapel may be seen on the hill in the distance.

On the left is *Dick* in the "plebe" uniform as he appears in the picture.

Scenes for *Dick Barthelmess'* new picture, *"Classmates,"* were filmed at *West Point* on the day that the new class entered. *Dick*, himself, donned the "plebe" uniform and, with the other newcomers, went thru the paces.

The squad of "plebes" being drilled by *Cadet Officer E. L. Johnson*, a second class-man from *Milwaukee*, has *Dick* among its number. Can you find him?

On the left are *Dick, Mary Hay Barthelmess, Henry B. Lewis, Adjutant* of the *U. S. Military Academy*, and *Mr.* and *Mrs. Robertson*.

Mrs. Barthelmess was right at home at *West Point*, inasmuch as her father is a military man of high rank.

All Photographs by Russell Ball.

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

the BIG contest

Fig 49

Fig 50

Fig 51

Fig 52

EARLE TILDEN CANN

If the Judges should return his name among the winners, Earle Tilden Cann, of 63 Chard Street, East Weymouth, Mass., can claim his money from the highest prize column—the Class C awards, becuse he moved into Class C several weeks ago by sending in two subscriptions to Movie Weekly.

Last Four Star Faces Worth 12 Points Each

Solutions for the above 4 silhouettes are worth 12 points each, or a TOTAL of 48 points for the 4. They constitute the 13th, final and crowning set of what has, we hope, proved to you fans to be the most fascinating and novel contest in which you have ever participated. We know you will be on pins and needles until you learn the final outcome of this unique race and we will give you the results just as quickly as is humanly possible.

The final date on which identifications may be mailed is September 5th. However, we wish to urge all fans, especially those competing from distant points, to send in their identifications at the earliest date possible and thus assist us in speeding up the work of scoring and picking the winners.

All that remains now is to reckon up the standings of the twelve or fifteen thousand contestants and let the Board of Judges, consisting of Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess pass the final word as to whom we are to mail the seventy-five big prizes.

The prize winners and a complete list of the stars whose faces appeared in the contest will be published in the earliest possible issue of Movie Weekly.

And in the meantime we want to remind you again, that if you have not already qualified your entry with subscriptions to MOVIE WEEKLY, you should do so at once and not run the risk of receiving a much smaller prize if you are one of the winners. Subscriptions may be sent in as late as September 5th.

CLIP HERE AND MAIL

IDENTIFICATION BLANK

(Read All Contest Rules)

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

SET NO. 13—Twelve points will be allowed for each correct answer in this set.

Figure No. 49 is..

Figure No. 50 is..

Figure No. 51 is..

Figure No. 52 is..

My name is..

Address ....

City.............................. State..............

(Write plainly)

LIST OF PRIZES

	CLASS A (For those who send in no subscriptions)	CLASS B (For those who send in 1 subscription)	CLASS C (For those who send in 2 subscriptions)
First Prize	$1,500	$2,000	$2,500
Second Prize	500	750	1,000
Third Prize	200	350	500
Fourth Prize	150	225	300
Fifth Prize	100	150	200
10 Prizes of	20	30	40
20 Prizes of	10	10	10
40 Prizes of	5	5	5

Twelve points will be allowed for each correct identification of this week's silhouettes. It costs nothing to compete. Any person, except those specified in Rule 1 of the Contest Rules, can compete for Class A prizes. Anyone who sends in one yearly subscription for MOVIE WEEKLY can compete for Class B prizes. Anyone who sends in two yearly subscriptions can compete for Class C prizes. For instance, if the person who wins first prize has turned in no subscriptions at all, he will be paid $1,500.00; if he has turned in one yearly subscription to MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,000.00; if he has turned in two yearly subscriptions for MOVIE WEEKLY, he will be paid $2,500.00, etc. Subscriptions may be turned in at any time during the contest and may be new or renewal subscriptions. Subscriptions may be for yourself or friends. Two six months' subscriptions at $2.00 each, or four three months' subscriptions at $1.00 each, count the equivalent of one yearly subscription. One two years' subscription at $8.00 is equivalent to two individual yearly subscriptions.

CONTEST RULES

1. Any person may enter the contest except employees and immediate relatives of employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc.
2. In case of a tie, each contestant will be paid the amount of the prize tied for.
3. Each entry will be considered solely on its merits. Whether you have or have not sent in subscriptions will have no bearing on your chances of winning.
4. The Judges are three famous movie stars, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino and Richard Barthelmess.
5. All contestants agree to abide by the Judges' decisions.
6. No contestant is eligible to win more than one prize. There will be paid only one first prize, one second prize, etc., except in case of a tie, the amount paid depending on which class the winner is in.
7. No scores will be given out during the contest.
8. Each silhouette set solution must be mailed within 20 days of the date of issue of the magazine in which it appears.
9. During the first six weeks of the contest, special entry privilege was allowed to late comers who failed to enter on time with the first sets.
10. Contest started with the issue of May 24th and ends with the issue of August 16th. All answers must be mailed before midnight, September 5th

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Contest Editor, MOVIE WEEKLY,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

CHECK HERE
New Subscription ☐
Renewal ☐

Dear Sir:—Please send MOVIE WEEKLY for one year to the address listed below, for which I enclose $4.00. Kindly credit subscription to me in MOVIE WEEKLY Contest.

Subscriber's name ....

Subscriber's address ....

City..............................State..............

My name is..

My address is..

City..............................State..............

(Subscriptions may be sent in any time during contest.)

The True Story of My Life

(Continued from page 9)

yearly commemorated, and on to lovely old Nuremberg with its towers and city walls, moats and drawbridges of ancient crusading days, no longer practical, but employed as thoroughfares, nevertheless, and the old cobbler's shop of "Hans Sach."

In Munich, together with sightseeing, I had a shopping fest, purchasing wonderful linens for my "house in the clouds," if I can ever settle down long enough to have one again; some wonderful furs at ridiculous prices, and feathers and foibles dear to a woman's heart.

THE museums of Munich are some of the finest in Europe and I saw room after room hung exclusively with Rubens' pictures—enough to have kept one artist busy for three centuries instead of merely a lifetime. I came to the conclusion that many of these masterpieces were the work of pupils supervised by his masterful hand, although I should not be surprised to learn that he had a moving picture camera tucked up his sleeve.

As I passed through these inspiring galleries, I thought how interested some of these dear, delightful old painters, such as Rubens, Van Dyke, Rembrandt and others, would have been to enter a Hollywood "Gallery," where the 20th century invention of motion picture art would give them a thrill.

Our arrival in Vienna was an event to me. I had long hoped to visit it sometime because it seemed to have been the favored city of nearly all the literary and musical lights of the past as well as the seat of one of the greatest courts in history. It was July and very warm weather, so I was glad to find our studio located in the suburbs. Prior to the Emperor's death, it had been one of the greenhouses of his palace at Schonbrunn, but lately remodeled for a studio. The palace grounds which surrounded it afforded us a delightful respite from work and there we held many convivial tea parties between scenes during the long summer days. This palace was perhaps the most splendid I visited abroad. It was the home of Maria Theresa, one of the most beautiful and favored queens of history and her artistry and good taste are expressed throughout its magnificent grounds and pavilions. It was here she passed away at the age of 73. Schonbrunn was also, up to the time of the last Emperor's death, the home of the family of the "unhappy Hapsburgs," as they are called in Europe. Therefore, mingled with its romantic history was the lurking tragedy of that dynasty.

I firmly believe that this unusual environment in which I made "Southern Love" is more than half responsible for its being my best picture. Such, the London press has acclaimed it, and it felt so to me as we took it.

I wish again to speak of environment, inasmuch as I am such a firm believer in the proper surroundings for one's work. In the freedom and peace of the glowing summer days spent in these gorgeous palace grounds, we all worked spontaneously and joyously, being socially harmonious and entirely congenial both in and out of the studio.

I must give tribute where tribute is due, and that is to the English people as fellow artists, comrades and friends. They know how to play as well as to work, and the happy combination proved to me an inspiration. The picture, "Southern Love," in its enormous success in London verifies my contention.

Living quarters for the company were arranged for in the Park Hotel, which stands directly opposite one of the impressive entrance gates to Schonbrunn Palace and in the old days was a Duke's residence. Some years ago it was remodeled into a hotel and became the rendezvous of the smartest people in the city but, since the war, a bad fire has destroyed half the building and financial embarrassment of its owners and their inability to renovate it, make it today a glaring example of faded splendor. There is nothing more drab than faded splendor, you know. I was escorted to what they termed the Royal Suite, consisting of an enormous sleeping room, parlor and bath, and a beautiful balcony.

It was so shabbily furnished, however, and so gloomy that, after dismissing my maid and standing in the center of the room looking about, I burst into tears and decided I could never return to this dreary abode every night after a hard day's work.

In my distress, I rang the bell and what proved later to be an EX-GENERAL of the Hungarian Army answered my summons in the role of bellboy. One is constantly encountering just such tragic examples, being the result of a depleted nation, where the titled people of yesterday are the "new poor" of today.

This "ex-General" spoke a dialect which I could not grasp at all, although in Germany I had become very proficient because of the constant association there with that language and of early studies in it for my musical education. However, partly in pantomime and partly in words, I explained to him that I couldn't stand this room—it was so dilapidated and unlovely; and being touched by my tears, he rushed down to the office and brought up three "managers," all of whom were greatly perturbed over "the American lady's" emotion and flew about as though the hotel were again on fire. It resulted in their taking me into a storage room to select any suites I might fancy for bedroom and living-room. I did so and within an hour, my rooms were filled with the most exquisitely carved furnishings which transformed them into a charming Continental boudoir of regal splendor. Delicate chiffons, which I happened to have in my trunks for various head ornaments, were brought forth and thrown over the lamps, while the producer, Mr. Wilcox, summoned the ex-Emperor's old gardener from the palace grounds, who decorated my rooms with pots of hot house plants and window boxes in such abundance that I felt I was dwelling in a jungle.

I suppose this sounds temperamental and silly, but I guess if people in the artistic world were not so highly strung, so sensitive to moods and impressions, they would not be able to express their emotions so readily upon the stage or screen.

My living quarters are always my first thought and must express ease, harmony and color.

I found the Austrian people so much brighter, so much more alert and interesting than the Germans—and how they love music! It permeates the air. At the right of my hotel and just beneath my window was a beer garden, chairs and tables being set out under great old trees, and nearly always full of idlers, pretty women and jovial men. There every Sunday a string band would play most persistently from two in the afternoon till far into the night.

Directly across the street was another very popular garden cafe, where a symphony orchestra, very strong in "brass," made loud, bombastic music in opposition.

On the right of the hotel was yet another garden, and yet another band; while to the rear was a fourth cafe, with its inevitable orchestra. With the whole four in operation simultaneously, our corner more nearly resembled Coney Island in full blast than artistic old world Vienna, and unfortunately, we were the storm center. So my whole company made it a point to take to the hills on Sunday morning, returning only in the peace and quiet of midnight.

THE part I played in this picture, "Southern Love," as Dolores, the dancer, was that of a gypsy girl, abandoned, wilful and passionate. She was the member of a strolling band of players and danced nightly in some city's square. As the story ran, she fled from a repulsive gypsy lover to the city, entered a chorus, and endeavored to conventionalize her dancing, eventually becoming the rage of Madrid.

One dance was necessary for the night of her triumph; and, later, another—a lewd national dance, with which she was supposed to shock her lover and also her adoring public, succeeding so well that she was hooted, hissed and banned from the theatre, only to find herself mixed up in a murder plot, put in jail, and eventually rescued by her still faithful admirer with whom she flies to happiness.

As you read this outline, you can surmise that lots of action was necessary, particularly on the part of the dancer; and, believe me, I was glad of my early ballet training and of my period of instruction with Marian Morgan. I have discovered that nothing one learns is ever wasted on the desert air. I felt I could do the dance on the street corner and the daring lewd dance, inasmuch as they required more savagery and abandonment than technique, but the dance on the night of her triumph before the elite of Madrid, I thought would require terpsichorean perfection, and I demanded a double for it. They searched Vienna for a tall, slim girl on my lines, but it proved impossible to find the American type, because of the over-generous hips and ankles of the Viennese women.

The manager of our company spent days in agents' offices interviewing applicants, and nights in the cafes looking at cabaret performers, finally discovering a Hungarian girl who looked very much like Pola Negri in the face, but had a physique resembling mine. She was doing an Apache number and was excellent in it, but was not very familiar with Spanish dancing. However, she was engaged and told to practice and perfect a routine of such steps for the picture.

In the meantime, I began "brushing up" my dancing under the efficient tutelage of the head ballerina of the Viennese Opera House, who had held that enviable position for thirty years. She exhibited with great pride a medal presented to her by the late Emperor Josef. Strange to say, she was both deaf and dumb, but had a remarkable sense of rhythm, sylph-like grace and infectious spontaneity of movement.

Though old, she fired with vitality and inspiration, because she had the spirit of genius in her nimble toes. Her guttural utterances, however, little resembled the "one-two-three" of the practising count. *How I worked.*

I WOULD be made up at eight o'clock in the morning and leave for the "location," there working forcefully all day in the primitive role of the headstrong gypsy dancer; then returning to the studio about five o'clock, I would start in with the ballerina and dance violently until my legs wobbled under me and I could scarcely stand. However, I gradually got into form and acquired the two dances, quite to the approval of the instructress and director.

We had hoped to rent the wonderful Grand Opera House of Vienna, in which today the finest opera of the Continent is produced; in fact, the one from which graduated the present idol of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, Madame

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

In the preceding chapters of her life story, Miss Blythe has written of her birth in Los Angeles, of her schooling and study of music and of the first urges that drew her to the theatre. She recounted her first experiences before the footlights in vaudeville, in musical comedy and in the drama. And she has told of the fortuitous accidents that led to her arrival at fame in the motion pictures.

Miss Blythe has told of experiences and friendships in the "early days" with men and women who are now of the elite of screendom; also of her personal appearances on tour over the country which followed her success in "The Queen of Sheba."

And, at the end of last week's instalment, she told of her engagement to play in "Chu Chin Chow," and of the "forty thieves" in the picture who were in reality a band of Russian refugees, many of noble birth and formerly in the royal service, who could never return to Russia without facing certain death at the hands of the Soviet Government. Then there was her experience of being photographed with a lion which nearly ended her career.

Jeritza; but this magnificent building was closed for the summer, so we went to the old Vienna Opera House. There I stood before a curtain which had been painted for the premiere performance of Mozart's "Magic Flute," and which he himself had conducted from that very orchestra pit 102 years before. I looked at the still beautiful old house, and tried to picture that eventful night, with its brilliant assembly of crowned heads and nobility who had thronged the royal boxes and proclaimed Mozart the greatest musician of the day.

A century later, we regard him as "Immortal." How thrilled was I to stand upon that stage and work before that curtain.

Sufficient trained extra people to work in the picture were not available, so we distributed to the socially prominent of Vienna two thousand engraved invitations to attend an entertainment and see moving pictures taken at the same time. These people responded, so that, instead of the usual motley crowd of extras, we had beautifully gowned and bejeweled Austrian ladies and faultlessly groomed gentlemen comprising our very gay and enthusiastic audience.

We gave them vaudeville acts employed for the occasion, and at suitable times, flooded their faces with light from numerous and powerful "sun arcs," and so filmed the "audience" scenes.

When I began my dance, with the camera on one side of me and this brilliant audience on the other, I was somewhat nervous, for it was really a stage performance. However, they were very kind, and gave me a big reception, enthusiastically applauding me after the camera stopped grinding, so that I had to respond and make a speech in my faulty German.

I'd like to know just how terrible it was.

WE finished at midnight and the next morning at 9:30 we again assembled in the theatre with the orchestra to photograph the scenes of the triumphant dance which I had refused to do, feeling myself incompetent. After a busy and exhausting day, late in the afternoon, the director called for the Hungarian girl who was to double for me.

She appeared without make-up, without costume and apparently very weary. I took her to my dressing-room, loaned her all my make-up, pinned my beautiful white lace dress and Spanish mantilla on her and thought her ready at last to give us the dance and conclude the theatre work, but she refused to budge until she had some cognac.

A mysterious, pale and anaemic-looking male, who was dancing attendance upon her, procured a pint of cognac, which she drank straight from the bottle without a pause.

Needless to say, when she began her work on the stage, the exertion of dancing, the music of the orchestra and the strong, hot lights, combined with the cognac, created a drunken lack of balance that was a perfect scream.

She would dance a step, whirl a couple of times and fall over on the floor; get up, shake herself, replace a lost shoe, take another step, lose the other shoe, lunge right and left, and then stop and cry. The lights would go out. We would give her a rest. Then the same thing would happen all over again.

I have never seen such unconscious comedy except in inimitable Charlie Chaplin. Her ludicrous antics in my under-sized shoes were worthy only of Charlie's artistry. It proved, of course, that she could not do the dance, so in despair I suggested that everyone be sent out to dinner save the instructress, myself and the pianist, and when they came back I would try to be ready for the task myself.

I worked heroically to perfect the dance and when the lights were thrown on me an hour later and the click of the camera reached me with the lilting, buoyant, passionate strains of "Carmen" filling the air from the orchestra at my feet, I felt borne on the wings of the wind and danced as I had never before thought possible, disproving entirely my fear of inability to do it myself.

Living in our hotel at Schonbrunn were several wounded English officers, all undergoing treatment from a famous Viennese specialist. Among them was a certain Earl of M———, the head of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in England. The manager of the Park Hotel approached me one day with the flattering statement that this Earl wished to meet me. I replied that I was very much occupied and did not meet strangers in that way. I dismissed the subject from my mind, yet had a sneaking curiosity to know what this titled personage might look like.

A few days later, while working in the studio, I saw a crippled man sitting in a wheel chair. His face was so interesting, so distinguished, that I wished to chat with him, so I slipped away from the set and was soon in heated conversation with him about studio work.

Miss Blythe continues her interesting story next week.

Norma Talmadge Is Ready to Help You

Have you a personal problem which needs solving? Is there some care on your mind which, with a little advice and understanding from one who is sympathetic, would evaporate into thin air? Is there some question concerning clothes or etiquette which has bothered you?

For, if you have unsolved problems—and who of us has not—you will be glad to know that we have persuaded Norma Talmadge to help you with them. She will give you the benefits of her short, but crowded lifetime of experience.

In the columns of Movie Weekly, beginning next week, Miss Talmadge will personally reply to queries on the legitimate problems which confront our readers.

The letters that are received will be held in strictest confidence. If you like, you may attach to your letter a fictitious name for publication, but you MUST write your own name and address, too. Your questions may require a personal reply. If so, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Let us hear from you at once. Address Norma Talmadge, care of "If I Were You" Department, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City. THE EDITOR.

Norma Talmadge

My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 17)

Statue of Liberty, but not quite the same "Me."

Hotel Ritz-Carlton, New York, October 21st.

HOME again.

In New York again.

Soon to be at work again!

I feel like a schoolboy, like throwing my cap (if I wore one) into the air and shouting "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The day after I last wrote in my diary we steamed into harbor, sighting the Statue of Liberty. I must say that no woman, saving my wife, ever looked more beautiful to me. She seemed to me to have a message, especially for me. A message of triumph.

And there, on the dock, was the same official, policeman, who had waved me the lusty good-bye when I sailed. It was like a perfect circle being completed. He had seen me off. He now greeted me in. It gave me a sense of permanency. Of the establishment of all things.

No one knew that I was coming home. That is, no one knew when I was coming home, and so our arrival was very quiet indeed. Very unostentatious. Most of the fanfare and trumpeting had taken place when we made our departure.

Hotel conventions made much of the excitement of the trip.

My diary must draw to an abrupt close. I shall have no more hours of dalliance in which I can muse over my pen into the wee sma' hours.

I am to work again.

I am to do the story I have wanted to do for a long, long while.

I am to make "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Nothing, *nothing,* could please me more. It has for a very long while been an ambition of mine, for I had it in mind to do long before Fairbanks had it.

AND so, the day after we arrived, when I found that things were straightened out and that I was to go to work again, I said, "But the story?"

Well, they mentioned several, "Captain Blood" and others, and finally "Beaucaire" was spoken of.

"That's the story!" I said.

And so very shortly now I shall go to work. The synopsis has been decided upon, the cast is about to be assembled, the whole wheels of production are being set in motion and before very long I shall get out the old make-up boxes, the costumes have got to be ordered and selected very carefully, which is going to mean another hasty run across to London, and we shall be ready!

What more triumphant conclusion could I have for my return trip to my old home. What greater news could I write back of my after-all victorious return? What higher note of triumph is there on which to conclude these pages of my own diary? Selah.

THE END.

On the Set and Off

(Continued from page 19)

Blythe is setting a new style. Her portrait, being painted by Anders Randolf, out on the set of "In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter," was stolen the other afternoon. It is so much more flattering to have one's portrait stolen than mere jewels!

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Helene Chadwick has returned to Hollwood and has taken an apartment. She is to play a leading role in a Lasky picture, and is delighted at the prospect.

"I was in New York seven months, though I had expected to remain but a short time when I left Hollywood," she said. "I enjoyed the shows there immensely and met a lot of interesting people, but California is really home to me."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Orville Caldwell, who is doing his best to live down Elinor Glyn's rating as "the perfect man," has returned to California, and is dickering with various film firms. He has been playing the leading role in "The Miracle," the gigantic spectacle staged by Morris Gest in New York.

FREE

With This Offer

"THE LIFE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO"

Written by Himself

Movie Weekly is constantly in receipt of a large volume of letters from its readers requesting intimate information about their favorite motion picture stars. This correspondence, increasing by leaps and bounds, has proved to us that a demand exists which must be filled. Now we can supply just what you want. We have succeeded in securing a limited number of sets of

The Lives of Popular Stars

upon a basis that permits us to furnish them at a price easily within your reach.

There are ten in all—charming little books that you will treasure. They tell you the things you want to know about your favorite stars—intimate details of their lives—their loves—their work—their play—all of the things about which you so often wonder—and regarding which perhaps you sometimes write to "The Colonel" or other authority on matters pertaining to the movies—and many things that you have never thought about or possibly never felt at liberty to ask.

Wouldn't you like to have your favorite talk to you? To tell you of his life, his hobbies? How she happened to go into the movies? The sort of person he or she really is? These little Movie Mirror Books were written in collaboration with the stars themselves, and when you read them it will be just as if they were talking to you face to face.

Printed on super-quality paper, copiously illustrated with intimate photographs taken in home and studio, with covers beautifully executed in four artistically blended colors made from original paintings of the stars whose lives they tell, each contains a handsome pen and ink drawing especially adapted for decorative purposes in boudoir or den, together with a letter from the star to you, signed in his or her own handwriting reproduced. All photographs and drawings are exclusive and can be had from nowhere else. As souvenirs nothing could be finer.

The artists whose lives are so delightfully covered by this set are Lillian Gish, Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, William S. Hart, Colleen Moore, Mae Murray, Harriet Hammond, Ben Turpin, Corinne Griffith, Doraldina.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

SPECIAL

"The Life of Rudolph Valentino"

(Written by himself)

has been published by Movie Weekly. It is a delightful little book written with all the charm and fire that characterizes Valentino himself. In consideration of your ordering your set of "Little Movie Mirror Books" at once, we will gladly send you a copy of "The Life of Rudolph Valentino" under the same cover.

WHILE THEY LAST

we will supply "Little Movie Mirror Books" to readers of Movie Weekly for only $1.00 per set of ten. As soon as the present supply is exhausted, this special offer closes. Secure your set at once. Fill in the coupon, pin to it a dollar bill and mail to us today.

MOVIE WEEKLY

1926 Broadway :: New York City

MOVIE WEEKLY, Dept. 429,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

I am enclosing $1.00, for which please send me a set of ten "Little Movie Mirror Books." I am to receive, under the same cover, a copy of "The Life of Rudolph Valentino," written by himself.

Name..

Address..

....

Those Young Things

(*Continued from page 13*)

"'Aren't they cute?' I said to Harold.

"'Oh, I don't know,' said Harold, 'I always look at the little girls!'"

But Harold certainly thinks he knows how to "run a baby!"

And—yes, he did—he walked the floor with her one night! Wasn't he doing his comedian stuff then?

"It was about the third day after I came home from the hospital," explained Mildred. "The nurse was out, and I was so tired and weak that I felt ready to cry when the baby cried. Harold took the baby up, and walked the floor with her until she fell asleep.

"Why, he's more proud of that feat than of 'Girl Shy!' He thinks he's a great baby tender."

But there are a lot of taboos and one of them, it seems, is picking the baby up when she cries. That isn't being done any more. There are so many things that are being done and that aren't being done about babies these days, that no wonder the young father is bewildered sometimes. But at that he kids a good deal.

He was talking baby talk to the youngster the other day. Then he turned suddenly to the nurse.

"Oh, but I'm not allowed to talk baby talk to her, am I?" he demanded in his best scared comedy manner.

Is baby Gloria going to be a screen actress? Not until she's grown up, anyhow, says mamma Mildred decisively. She is to have a normal, happy, carefree childhood.

Baby Gloria is no mollie-coddle. Already she has been out for many a long automobile drive, though only six weeks old. She goes in the big Pierce-Arrow limousine, and has her own little crib fastened inside.

But it doesn't rock, that crib. Rocking is one of the things taboo.

Harold is going back to New York shortly, but Mildred won't go with him. She doesn't want to leave the baby. She and Gloria and the sweet-faced nurse are going down to the beach for the month of August.

It has been the desire of Harold and Mildred to adopt Gaylord Lloyd's little boy. Gaylord, you know, is Harold's brother. But Gaylord won't give his boy up.

Mildred is going to return to the screen in a few months, with her husband producing her pictures.

One picture she will make will be a film version of "Alice in Wonderland," but whether this will be the first or not, she is not sure.

"Somebody told me I shouldn't have a baby," said Mildred, "that it would ruin me in pictures. But I don't see it that way at all. Besides if it did, I shouldn't care. My baby has come, and she is the first consideration.

"She certainly means a great deal to me and Harold. You know the dear old hokum in the picture stories about the baby bringing father and mother closer together? Well, don't laugh—*it's true!*"

The Colonel

(*Continued from page 23*)

your turn in the waiting list. Savvy? No, Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are not related. They do look alike, though, don't they?

TOM—So you and your sweetie have been quarreling for a month over these questions? I do hope no really serious dispute comes up between you. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., but he carelessly fails to say when. Ramon Novarro has so many sisters and they all have such odd foreign names that I can't possibly remember them, though he has told me. The only one I can recall is Luz, though Ursula sounds familiar.

BLONDE—Frank Mayo is thirty-eight years old and lives at 1708 Franklin Ave., Hollywood.

THE MOVIE FANS—Now, of course, with that signature, I know just who you are. Mae Murray's next picture will be "The Merry Widow," which Eric Von Stroheim is making. Marion Davies, International Studio; see IRMIK. Charles Mack is not a star.

A Woman Who Sinned

(*Continued from page* 20)

And then, in the twenty years that elapsed since Rita Hillburn had left the village of Dunkirk, there appeared upon the horizon of spiritual affairs an ardent young evangelist, whose strange, flaming zeal led converts in thousands to hit the sawdust trails of the city tabernacles where he preached.

It so happened that the property chosen by the Boy Evangelist for his New York crusade against sin was land owned by Rita Hillburn, known by many as "the wickedest woman in New York." And it transpired, as days passed, that the young evangelist himself sought out the notorious beauty for permission to build his tabernacle on her land.

"There is a gentleman to see you," her maid informed Mrs. Hillburn one bright autumn afternoon.

Mrs. Hillburn, resplendent in costly silks, languidly inquired who the caller might be.

"I don't know, ma'am, but he's dressed like a minister," the maid replied.

A slow, flashing smile swept across the features of Mrs. Hillburn. A minister! Was there any man anywhere who could prove capable of withstanding her wiles? She would see if there was. Slowly she descended to a lower floor where her caller waited. He was a young man, she discovered, scarcely more than a boy, but with a fine clean-cut face that instantly captured her feminine fancy.

"You wished to see me?" she inquired, turning a dazzling smile upon him.

"I did," he replied earnestly. "I wished to get your permission to build my tabernacle on your property at West 94th Street, and then, having built it, to invite you there to worship with me."

Mrs. Hillburn's beautiful cold face hardened.

"I let others worship," she declared, "and the thing that they worship, if they are men—is me."

She looked at him, waiting to observe the effect of her words on him, but he only bowed graciously.

"And as you were made by God, they could not worship anything more beautiful," he said calmly.

Mrs. Hillburn flushed.

"Well," she returned, "you have my permission to build your tabernacle. Perhaps I shall visit you there. I shall see."

He expressed his gratitude for her kindness and left. His face had evoked old memories—memories she wished to keep buried.

THE success that attended the services held by the Boy Evangelist was sensational. Crowds in thousands thronged to hear the youthful preacher, and the sawdust trail up which the converts passed at the conclusion of the services was packed with humanity anxious to shake the hand of the young evangelist.

Among these throngs one evening was seen the beautiful face of the notorious Mrs. Hillburn. She had come to hear the boy preacher, still haunted by his resemblance to the baby she had left in his father's care more than twenty years before.

Throughout the service this resemblance kept recurring to her and she found herself haunted by the face and voice of the Boy Evangelist. He preached with rare power against wickedness in woman and suddenly Mrs. Hillburn felt the heart within melting with tenderness and grief. She felt like crying out, "Stop it! You're breaking my heart!" But she could only sit and stare up at the boy preacher who was thundering down at her.

She waited until the services were over and then by a side door she sought out the youth who had taken such powerful hold on her imagination.

"Tell me," she asked him, when they met in a room adjoining the tabernacle, "where do you come from?"

The young evangelist turned his fine dark eyes full upon hers.

"I come from Maine," he answered, "from a little fishing village named Dunkirk."

Mrs. Hillburn felt her heart almost stop beating.

"And your name?" she asked scarcely audibly.

"My name," he replied, "is Hillburn."

With a stifled cry of anguish Mrs. Hillburn swooned forward and would have fallen but for the support of his strong young arms. "My son!" kept thundering through her brain.

Until, with another cry, she pulled herself together and fled out of the tabernacle by the nearest door.

How was Mrs. Hillburn, notorious woman, to accept as her son the young evangelist? Read the next gripping instalment in next week's Movie Weekly.

How Do They Spend Their Money?

(*Continued from page* 5)

train of automobiles like a young rajah.

Elinor Glyn and Conway Tearle have incorporated themselves so that they cannot write checks indiscriminately for all who bring them a tale of woe, as they did formerly, without first calling a meeting of the board of directors! In Conway's case, both his wife and his lawyer have to sign a check before he can get cigarette money!

Mrs. Buck Jones takes charge of Buck's pay envelope and doubles it by clever trading at the Horse and Mule Market every morning. Sometimes, to vary things, she buys a lot on the way downtown and sells it for twice as much on the way back. But she allows Buck spending money for pedigreed police dogs and blooded riding horses.

A substantial part of Jack Holt's income goes toward keeping a stable of six polo ponies. Fred Niblo fills his house with African tom-toms, autographed theatrical photos and all kinds of antiques. Bebe Daniels buys Oriental art objects and Betty Compson collects elephants of ivory, silver, bronze and china.

June Mathis has acquired a costly collection of fifty rare Bibles. Rosemary Theby's home is furnished from top to bottom with priceless antique furniture which, as any collector knows, means furniture whose price isn't marked because the dealer hasn't got nerve enough.

George O'Hara has two massive hand-carved phonographs in his living-room, one, he explains, for jazz, the other for music. Milton Sills is lost when he sees a fifty dollar iris bulb or rare gladiolus for his garden. Robert Frazer's radio set fills one room in his bungalow. Cullen Landis finances a ball team, not as a paying investment, but because he was a kid himself not so long ago.

Even a movie star's check needs stretching to cover thirteen brothers and sisters, Ramon Novarro has found. Asked when he was going to be married, he waved a deprecatory hand. "When I have all my brothers and sisters eduucated," he answered, "then I shall marry!" Which is very discouraging news to several million young ladies.

Alice Terry has adopted a little Arab boy. Barbara La Marr likewise has a small foster son. Irene Rich is saving her money to send her two little girls abroad to a Swiss school for a year. Conrad Nagel—though he will probably blush to read that his goodness has found him out—gives generously and anonymously to many charities, and some years when there are more earthquakes and famine sufferers than usual, the Nagels are quite hard up!

Automobiles are hardly to be accounted luxuries these days, when the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker possess them, but many of the movie stars' autos are built entirely to order, and some have solid gold metal parts! Barbara La Marr owns *six* imported cars, Tom Mix possesses five. Jack Gilbert has a hobby for collecting accessories for his two cars. On the other hand, Adolphe Menjou, the polished man of the world, whom one would expect to see driven in a limousine with a uniformed chauffeur, bumps over Hollywood ruts and thank-you-marms in a little *coupe* with "My Fourth Ford" printed on the tire carrier behind!

Pola Negri banks most of her money. Her European mind translates American dollars into the coin of her native Poland. Some day Pola will go back home and be immensely wealthy, incredibly wealthy. Meanwhile she is renting a home instead of purchasing, because fifty thousand dollars in Polish money—why, it would buy most of Warsaw!

I should be glad to enliven this article by describing some screen celebrity's private Zoo, which he keeps in gold-plated cages in his back yard, or the champagne baths a popular film vamp indulges in, but, as a matter of fact, the movie stars spend their money in much the way that you and I spend ours—only more so!

Play a Tune In 10 Minutes

Anyone can play the **Ukulele, Banjo, Mandolin, or Guitar in ten minutes** with this wonderful new device. Works like a typewriter—just press the keys. **No knowledge of music required.** Play by numbers instead of notes. (Or by notes if you wish.)

Amazing New Invention

Revolutionizes string instrument playing. No more expensive lessons. No more weeks of tiresome practice. So simple a child can use it. Praised by prominent musicians. Thousands of delighted users.

Write Today

Astonish Your Friends

by learning to play a string instrument in 10 minutes! Play the latest music on the Ukulele, Banjo, Mandolin, or Guitar. Become popular. New pleasures. New money-making opportunities. Send at once for

FREE BOOK

Send just your name and we will send a FREE BOOK explaining this marvelous device. Also catalog of unusual values in musical instruments. No obligations. Send today for free particulars.

FERRY & CO., 630 Jackson Blvd., Dept. C-998 Chicago, Ill.

Hair Nets 50c per doz

Direct from wholesale distributor. Full size, hand-made of genuine human hair, sterilized and sanitary. Guaranteed strong and perfect nets. These nets are equal in quality to any fifteen cent nets on the market and are not to be confused with "sales" nets sold by many department stores. All colors. Cap shape. Single or double mesh. Gray and white, 75c per doz. Sent postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

MME. GALEN, 451 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RABONS DEFY EXPERTS

WEAR ONE TEN DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. You Risk Nothing. If your friends or even you yourself can tell it from a genuine diamond **SEND IT BACK.** *Rabons* look just like genuine diamonds. Place a *Rabon* and a genuine diamond together and see if you can tell them apart. Same fiery blue-white appearance, same sparkling, dazzling, rainbow brilliancy. *Rabon* gems defy lifetime experts. Give *Rabon* the same test you would give a genuine diamond. Prove to yourself the *Rabons'* amazing qualities.

No. 4 and 9 mounted in 14 kt. gold shell. No. 2--Green Gold finish. No. 1-7-10--Sterling mounted in massive platinum effect. All one karat size. No 10--2 kt. size. **Unconditionally Guaranteed for 20 years.**

SEND NO MONEY. Send size shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around your finger. When ring arrives by return mail, deposit with postman amount shown here. If you are not more than delighted, send it back within 10 days. We guarantee to refund your money immediately.

THE RABON CO., 12 E. 22nd St., Dept. 82 New York

Free to Scenario Writers

Send for FREE copy of THE POPULAR SCENIARO WRITER which contains more material of interest to screen writers than any other magazine. Published right on the ground in Hollywood. Address 960

THE POPULAR SCENARIO WRITER

Security Bldg., 5507 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood California

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars

Wm. Davis, M. D., 1248 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Money Isn't Everything But---

'Tis true that money isn't everything, but it is a mighty comfortable feeling to have more than enough to just get by. Have you enough? Have you reached the point where you can't think of another thing that you want? Most folks are in the opposite class. Like the writer, they could do with a little more money very nicely. We cannot promise to give you all the money you may want, but what we can do is to show you how to get more than you have now.

$1.00 an Hour for Your Spare Time

Through our plan, you can turn your spare time into money and earn $1.00 an hour or better. Men and women with no previous selling experience at all are daily joining our ranks and earning very satisfactory amounts right from the start. Everything you need to work with is furnished absolutely free. Wouldn't you like to hear more about it?

For further particulars cut this entire advertisement out, sign and mail to

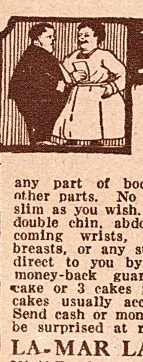
C. H. WILSON, Manager
Subscription Agency Department
MOVIE WEEKLY
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Name..............................

Street..............................

City..............................

State..............................



Fat Folks

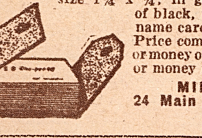
Wash your fat away with La-Mar Reducing Soap.

The new discovery. Results quick and amazing, nothing internal to take. Reduces any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, large breasts, or any superfluous fat on body. Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid, on a money-back guarantee. Price, 50c a cake or 3 cakes for $1.00; one to three cakes usually accomplishes its purpose. Send cash or money order today. You'll be surprised at results. Address

LA-MAR LABORATORIES
301-K Beckmen Bldg Cleveland, O.

MIDGET NAME CARDS

THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book



Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¾ x ¾, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted.

MIDGET CARD SHOP, 24 Main Street, Greene, R. I.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER, 28B Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

WHY? Ask the Readers

(*Continued from page 21*)

Manager Cady was delighted with the sales. When he was preparing his schedule for the next season, I asked him if he were bringing Petrova there and he said, "I haven't found out for certain, but I hope to have her." He is both manager of a house that offers road productions and two other houses that show pictures. Mr. Cady has frequently in conversations recalled her performance and spoken most highly of Madame.

"As to beauty, certainly no more strikingly lovely woman ever came to my attention. I have never forgotten what a picture she made, sitting in a large wing-chair in the hotel room, clad in a dove-gray tailored suit, with a little close black hat from one side of which dripped a long black plume. I have never forgotten the long, slender grace of her white hands, which speak almost as eloquently as her beautiful lips . . . I want her to come back, but I would rather see her stick to the stage and voice her own splendid ideals than see her go back into the glare of the Kleig lights shackled by the tarnished tinfoil minds of the screen as it is."

Charles R. Williams, Benedict House, Princeton, N. J., also very definitely admits his puzzlement. He writes:

"Dear Lady Olga:

". . . I at once obtained a copy of the Movie Weekly and of the Metropolitan. I read with growing indignation the article in the Weekly along with the curt and incommunicative letters from various producers of films. The whole effect is to leave me in a sort of daze or bewilderment. Mrs. Williams was similarly affected. What can it all mean? What is behind it all, I keep asking. From all that the Weekly prints you seem to have been treated most unjustly, most outrageously. Of course I know nothing of the other side—if there is another side. But in any event the public is entitled to all the facts, and I cannot conceive what circumstances could justify the producers in an obstinate and unexplained boycott.

"I wrote the Weekly immediately, commending its article and its demand that the producers make some defense or explanation of their attitude and expressing the hope that the Weekly will press the matter until the situation is cleared up. I have also written to Mr. Will Hays, the overlord of the movie industry, asking him if he can give me any light on the subject . . . For the sake of the public, and more for your own sake, I hope you will soon find or make a way to return to the movies . . . We are deeply interested in all you do. We believe in you and are devotedly your friends . . ."

Florence Turner, 407 Warren St., Hudson, N. Y., pleads, "Can't SOMETHING be done?" and says further:

"Since 1916 I have followed Mme. Petrova in pictures, vaudeville and the stage. She is wonderful. She has given the world what no other actress has or ever can give.

"I have often wondered why she was barred from the screen. She was always popular. Her pictures were always liked and when she had her say they always taught a lesson. The part she wanted to play was always the part of a strong woman. She wanted her sex to stand for something noble and splendid. I have seen every picture that Madame ever made and some of them many times.

"The producers have known that she was right, but rather than acknowledge it and put themselves in the wrong, they have barred her from the screen, and in doing so have lost the respect of all her followers. They are the ones who have lost, not Madame, because all of her friends admire her for her stand.

"Can't something be done to bring Madame back where she belongs? Must the producers always have their way and the public always suffer for it?

"I hope your Weekly will do all it can to bring Madame back to us and show the producers they cannot always have their way . . ."

Winifred Couch, 521 W. 180th St., New York City, thinks that it is all "incredible":

". . . Attracted by the cover of your June 7th issue of Movie Weekly, I purchased a copy and read the very interesting interview by Gladys Hall with Madame Petrova. Perhaps I should say *disturbing* as well as interesting, because it would never have occurred to me that all the producers in America could have gone mad simultaneously and I had come to the conclusion that Madame had ceased to appear in pictures of her own free will—preferring the legitimate stage . . . I had been hoping (as I suppose thousands of others have), that when Madame became perhaps a little tired of the stage, she would return to the screen and give us once more the pleasure of seeing a real picture, with a real actress, in a real story —but alas! like a bomb-shell this devastating news is exploded before my hopeful eyes!

"Incredible that an actress so gifted, so talented, should be barred from the screen because she isn't popular enough—the public doesn't want her (or so the producers say!) Can it be possible that they are confusing the word 'popularity' with another—a more pertinent one in this day of 'bobbed hair bandits,' 'beaten beauties' and 'thrice divorced wives?' Can it be possible that what they mean is that Madame has not had enough 'notoriety' (the magnet, it seems, for increased box office receipts)? Perhaps that is the crux of the whole situation—and if Madame would first have her hair bobbed, then go home and induce her husband to throw her out of the house in a beaten and battered condition—then hail the first taxi in sight and rush to the nearest producer—who knows!—the now mysteriously closed doors may open wide to admit the 'popular' though 'martyred' star, who will have her name and picture emblazoned tomorrow on the front page of every newspaper in town.

"But seriously, Madame has been giving evidence so long and so effectively of her incomparableness that the attestations of a mere fan are superfluous, but the feeling of panic which the trend of your article inspires makes me want to say a prayer that the resourceful brain of Petrova will enable her to find some solution to the problem, some means of breaking down this barrier of injustice, of misunderstanding, and come back soon to her countless friends who are waiting for her return and hoping that it will be—SOON. Here's to the day in the very near future when we shall read the headlines,

'PETROVA RETURNS TO THE SCREEN.'"

Oh, there are so MANY letters! It would take several editions of an entire magazine to quote from them all.

Billie Ellis, 908 Garrison Ave., Fort Smith, Arkansas, says:

"Who could play 'The White Peacock' any better than Mme. Petrova herself? I don't know of anyone we have on the silver screen today that I would care to see play this part more than her after seeing her wonderful acting here a few seasons ago in person in the play that play to a S. R. O. house to everyone's delight in Mme. Petrova."

And from Jane Wallace, 54 Bouden St., East Orange, N. J.:

"I, for one, cannot conceive how any manager or producer can let such a fine example of the art slip away from them. Mme. Petrova's acting has yet to be equalled or her personality to be met . . ."

And again from Betty Oldbrief, 63½ Baldwin Ave., Jersey City, N. J.:

"It is indeed the greatest injustice ever dealt out to any star, particularly greater when it happens to be dealt to the *Incomparable Petrova*, whose very soul is wrapped up in her art, whose foremost and greatest interest in life was—and is today—for the improvement and uplifting of the stage and screen . . ."

Well, we could go on quoting from these letters, world without end. But space cries for a period.

There seems to us to be two main points made by these letters. One is the noteworthy fact that there is *no dissenting voice*. The verdict, the appeal, the plaint is unanimous. *They want her back*.

And the other point is, that they want the question answered. Their voices, the voices of the fans, seem to flow through the copious ink they have used. They echo and re-echo—"Well, but tell us, WHY *IS* PETROVA BARRED FROM THE SCREEN? WE DEMAND AN ANSWER!"

The Young American

(*Continued from page* 11)

of my comedies. They would lose something by it.

"Mr. Sennett and I argue on stories," said Ralph. "I appreciate his angle, but I don't think they quite see mine yet. Mr. Sennett did at first, but it is hard to hold him to his original idea. He always wants to put in something that is what he calls 'sure-fire,' and I want to let the sure-fire stuff go.

"I want these comedies of mine to have a little love in them, a little beauty, and a good deal of legitimate, whimsical comedy. They should have a little pathos, too, and they can even have a little broad physical action, providing it is done expertly."

I told Graves that I thought he had found himself in comedies, and that we were very glad to have found him!

That led to his wondering whether he should have gone into comedy at all—with another serious brow-wrinkling.

That gave me a chance to ask him what he thought of the present craze for so-called high-brow drama.

"I don't believe in the sordid drama that is being presented nowadays," said Graves. "I don't think it represents the American spirit, either. It belongs to another day and country. I don't think any art is beautiful in which everybody cannot see something beautiful."

Ralph Graves is a boy of ideals, even if he does disparage that idea. "My ideals? Oh, shucks! Nobody would believe my ideals if I told them! Well, then, I believe in clean living, in simple and plain standards of health, in finding happiness wherever one is. My real ideal is, 'Be yourself.' But you must first understand yourself to be yourself. And one must be forever thinking about these complicated problems of life."

Sometimes, I told Ralph, I felt he should have been a preacher.

But he says he can never be spiritual enough for that.

"Further than that," he went on, "I want to make some good pictures that meet with the approval of the majority of people, and I want to find some lovely girl with mutual interests, whom I can marry. Yes, I really want to marry again.

"My ideal is a nice, fine girl. I think I prefer a home girl, but one used to the ways of nice society, too. I have rather a hard time of it. I always feel that the girl's parents are looking me over and wondering what my morals are, I, being in pictures.

"I've got to rather have a girl on a pedestal. That sounds like a lot of motion picture bunk, doesn't it? But I mean it."

I asked him about his little son, a year and a half old—Ralph Graves, Jr.

"Oh, mother and I think little Ralph is unusual —which is not unusual," smiled Ralph, showing his nice, white teeth. "No, I'm not planning anything for my son except that I want him to go to Princeton. I was slated to go, you know, but I kicked over. I would have been in the steel business with my father if I had gone on as my family wanted me to do. I should have had a different life, I suppose."

I asked Ralph if he was pals with his baby.

"My baby wakes up too early in the morning!" smiled Ralph so engagingly that you couldn't blame him—not right then, anyway.

"Another thing; my mother spoils my boy, and I have to come on and tell him not to do things. He gets to looking on me as though I was bad news. He kisses me, and I guess he likes me. He's always too busy finding out things to bother paying much attention to any adult though.

"I take him for rides pretty often in my car, and he comes to the studio with me now and then."

A feminine voice called to Ralph just then, over the telephone. Ralph responded eagerly. Youth called to Youth.

"Oh, hello, Betty!" exclaimed Ralph over the phone, as his eyes sparkled and the red came into his cheeks.

And one wondered if Betty might be the "nice home girl."

Dhassi Will Tell You FREE

Do You Know Under which Zodiac Sign you were born? What significance it has in shaping your life?

Are You Lucky? In Love Marriage Friends Inheritance Success

Send Birth Date I have made Astrology my life's work and offer the most interesting astrological interpretations of the Zodiac sign under which you were born. Send exact name, address and exact date of birth in own handwriting and receive your astroloical interpretation in plain sealed envelope, postpaid. A great surprise awaits you. Enclose 12c to cover cost of this notice and mailing. Address me personally—DHASSI.

TARA STUDIO,
1133 Broadway Desk 112 New York City

Sedan Given Away

You Can Win a Sedan Surely you want this latest model Ford Sedan. Write me today.

We have given away many Autos. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan completely equipped, delivered freight and tax paid. The ideal car for all-year use.

19	5	4	1	14	7	9	22	5	14

Can You Solve This Puzzle? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What two words are represented by the figures? (19 is letter S). SEND NO MONEY—just write the two words and your name and address. Contest closes Oct. 6, 1924.

Send Answer Today Besides Sedan we give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Watches, etc., and hundreds of dollars in cash. EVERYBODY REWARDED! Nothing difficult to do; all can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of tie prizes will be duplicated. You can win the Sedan and bring to you and your loved-ones the joys only a Sedan can give. Send answer TODAY and receive instructions how you may win Sedan.

M. L. BOEING, Mgr., Dept. E-252 630 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Advertisements in this column, 10 cents per word, each insertion payable in advance. Minimum, 30 words. Forms close 25 days in advance of publication date.

Agents Wanted

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn $100 weekly and bonus. **Madison Mills, 564 Broadway, New York.**

Astrology

KNOW THYSELF! BANISH WORRY—CLAIM SUCCESS. Wonderful three-page **Horoscope** by world-renowned **Astrologer.** Tells you of your friends, talents, character, domestic and business questions, love, marriage, your future planetary vibrations. Send birth date, year, your handwriting and 10c. Write at once. **Gargilis, Box 2771-A, Boston, Mass.**

Correspondence Courses

BIG MONEY writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send for free copy America's greatest magazine for writers. Tells you how to write and sell. **Writer's Digest, 815 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

For Sale

INDIAN BASKETS! Beautiful collection of Indian work, over 100 pieces. Baskets, trays, water-bottles, arrow-holders, beaded bags. Guaranteed real primitive work. If interested write **Mrs. L. H. Bath, Box 161, Newport Beach, Calif.**

Help Wanted—Male and Female

U. S. GOVERNMENT POSITIONS. Men—women, 18 up. $95 to $250 month. Steady work. Paid vacation. Common education usually sufficient. List positions obtainable—free. Write immediately. **Franklin Institute, Dept. N-104, Rochester, N. Y.**

Manuscripts Wanted

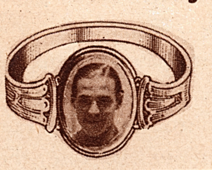
STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money! Submit manuscripts or write for free copy of our Copyrighted Book, containing valuable hints for writers. **Literary Bureau, 127 Hannibal, Mo.**

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin. **FREE** Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E.S.GIVENS, 176 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

New Hollywood Craze!



Movie Fan's Locket Ring for displaying your favorite's photo where you can see it all day long! Or put in sweetie's picture, a butterfly, or lock of hair. Solid Sterling Silver, cut to $1.97 to introduce quickly. Send stamps or money order (15c extra if C. O. D.). **PARK ROW CO., Dept. MW, Park Row Bldg., New York**

Develops Bust Like Magic!

During the past 17 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. **Mlle. Sophie Koppel, Inc., Suite 927, 503 Fifth Ave., New York**

British Readers

The Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4, England, are our book agents.

They can supply you with any of the Macfadden books advertised in this publication.

HINDU CRYSTAL BALL

DO YOU KNOW Will you have Luck, Wealth, Love, Happy Marriage? Hindu Crystal Ball answers ALL questions!

ANYONE can use it instantly. Questions, Answers and Instruction Book given FREE with each mysterious Crystal Ball game. Two sizes $2.00 or $3.00. Pay postman or send money.

CRYSTAL BALL CO.
12 East 20th St, Dept 152

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE "Solvent." New way. Pain immediately vanishes. Acts like magic on worst Bunions. Hump gradually disappears.

SENT ON TRIAL

To introduce we will gladly arrange to send you a Box of "Solvent" to try for your own Bunion. Thousands are sending. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE."

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. L-675, 186 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

The Kind of
Girl that Men Forget

DO YOU know why a few movie stars increase in popularity year after year while the rest sink into oblivion after a tragically brief period in the limelight?

Do you know why some girls in private life make an indelible impression on the men they meet while the rest are forgotten almost the moment they are introduced?

The secret of both of these envied groups is precisely the same; the girl who can hold her friends in private life is the one who would make a lasting success if she were in the movies.

Stop Handicapping Your Personality

It is the *unfettered* personality that wins. How often have you seen girls with poorly-kept teeth or fingernails spending half of their effort trying to hide these defects when they wanted to make "a good impression?" As a result of their divided attention people think them uninteresting, dull. How often have you seen girls afraid to smile spontaneously, unrestrainedly, as nature intended them to, because they knew their teeth were unattractive?

Many of the teeth that dentists have to extract every year could have been saved if the patients had only known in time how to keep the enamel *hard and healthy,* how to prevent the gums from *shrinking.*

REVELATION TOOTH *POWDER* does that. That is why leading dentists all over the country recommend it, and why nobody could ever convince an old user of REVELATION that "one dentifrice is just as good as another!"

TRY THIS TEST!

Get a package of REVELATION Tooth Powder at the nearest drug store today and use it twice a day for a week. Then go back to your former dentrifice for a week. **Mark the Contrast** in the appearance of your teeth and the "feel" of your mouth. And if you don't want to keep on using REVELATION after this test—we will authorize the druggist to refund your money when you return the can!

REVELATION is especially prized by those who use tobacco. It dissolves the stains, makes the enamel glisten, makes the breath sweet and fragrant. Beware of pasty substances that shrink the gums!

Special Introductory Offer

PRIZE PACKAGE FREE

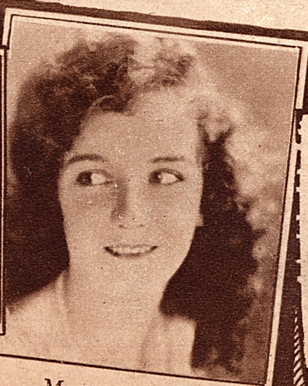
If your druggist doesn't sell REVELATION, we will reward your enterprise if you send us his address. Fill out the coupon and mail with forty cents (price of one can plus postage). We will send you a regular 35-cent can of REVELATION Tooth Powder and a full-sized, 35-cent package of REVELATION Fingernail Polish, the dainty new perfumed manicure luxury that **"outshines them all"** and requires only 5 seconds to apply. But the Special Introductory Offer holds good for a short time only. You'll have to snap up this amazing offer at once!

The Kind Whose Fame Endures

Hundreds of movie stars who KNOW what fine teeth mean to their future, use REVELATION exclusively. Here are three who refuse to take chances with "the smile that's worth thousands."

LAURA LA PLANTE, *Universal Star*

ALBERTA VAUGHN, F. O. B. Star in *"The Go-Getters"*


MARY PHILBIN, *Universal Star*

Mail at Once.

AUGUST E. DRUCKER CO.,
San Francisco, California.

The druggist is..

On..(date), I was unable to procure REVELATION Tooth Powder at this druggist's store.

I am enclosing 40 cents (stamps or coin), for which you agree to send me, postage prepaid, one (1) full-sized 35-cent can of REVELATION Tooth Powder and one (1) full-sized 35-cent package of REVELATION Nail Polish, in accordance with your Special Offer in Movie Weekly.

NAME ....

ADDRESS .... (STATE)..................

WHAT DO THE STARS DO WITH ALL THEIR MONEY?

Movie Weekly

AUGUST 16, 1924

10¢

THOSE YOUNG THINGS

A Story about the Harold Lloyds and their baby

Gloria Swanson
PHOTO BY WILLIAM EGLINTON

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026